

Esquire



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1992 \$2.50

Wild New Fiction
By Thomas McGuane

Spike Lee
strikes a pose
behind

Malcolm

By
Barbara
Grizzuti Harrison



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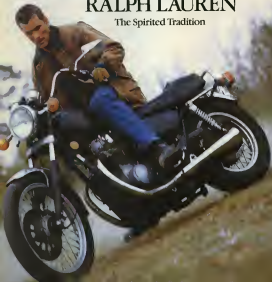
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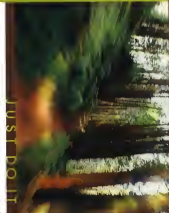




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OCTOBER 1993 VOLUME 118 No. 4

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ESQUIRE FICTION

Cutting Losses

By THOMAS MCGUANE

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Thomas McGuane has forged a raucous and prolific career, replete with all the appetite and excess of his literary forebears. In this excerpt from his new novel, the author shows how, for a wacked-out western entrepreneur, new appetites can save your life. Even if you're hungry for failure. 169

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Where else
more scenic?
Well, across
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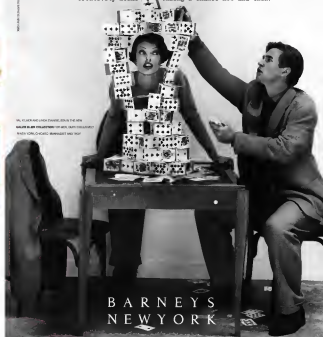
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Full on for your masculinity check! Page 124



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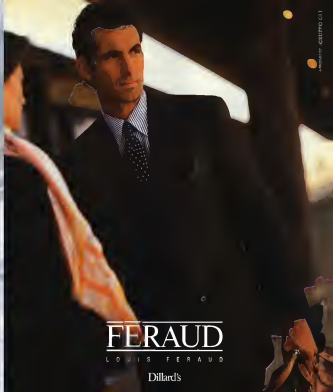
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Outside, a generous kangaroo pocket opens up and closes with a reinforced strap of Valenz (it's strong enough to make an alligator nervous).

The handles are padded with a thick piece of nylon rope. While board "a stitching" crosses the

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Surf 'n' Turf

NORTH BEACH DECIDES in Hawaii are accustomed to having lots of gourmet questions from tourists, but one way to classify a first-time visitor is what he shows up in company. As Michael Angelo did for his article "Beach Culture" (July), looking for waves. Even my sixty-year-old model, who lives on Oahu, could have told him that Sunset Beach is usually flat that time of year. Angelo, with his bare feet and heavily bleached hair, probably made himself look more like a surfer than a guest on the program. The surfing would not be odd because it is a theme and under no exception, incongruous: his to the nonpartisan. Thankfully he and my staff were beyond your line for as long as you try to survey it from dry land.

—TOM DELA CREE
Hawaii, HI

DON MICHAEL ANGULO lives in North Platte, Nebraska? I believe it's the farthest point from a beach in America, and from the zone of "Beach Culture" it sounds like he would be right at home. That is not a given for me Angelo, but in the saying goes, "If you don't surf, don't read."

—JAY TARGAN
San Diego, CA

The Artful Godger

CHUCK GARDY OLD WITH ME, the best is open to be. Not Thank you Robert there all, for your poignant and honest article, "The Truth About Growing Old" (July). Many may find Sherri's humor and commentary less, actually, he writes with the humor, passion, and rage that many young men will never find. Eggs on, Mr. Sherri! I want to be just like you when I grow up.

—HENRY C. QUINN
Chicago, IL

ROBERT BERNELL has managed to embrace his age. His article paints a beautifully bleak picture. When I was a twirling of sixty-three, a modest name and to me,

personally, "Alec, you may be old, but you're not an old fat." Now five years later I have reason to suspect that the mother of my sight-mother-old son would agree with her. Sherri, deep within his shadow theater, is looking for love in all the wrong places. Sherri, for God's sake! He should try art galleries, book stores, poetry slams, even Go, Robert, go where the women are.

—ALEX FRANKS
Washington, DC



TAKING THAT, roughly hand, tried-out Ford. No wonder that can't get any women. It's not the age, it's the image.

—MICHAEL HALL
San Francisco, CA

TO ROBERT BERNELL, Easy Angelo, you did it, you, by God, done it. You had the unimpaired gall to tell the world, growing old, to quote my granddaddy, is the shen I can't remember any article that captivated me from a beach, beach newspaper. Well, I can't say that no more. You done it. And you done it without crying.

—DELL MAGARE
Hollywood, CA

Don't Be Like Mike

THANKS TO ABBIE GILFA, for once again showing what a consummate art he is. His article "Wander: Take ABBIE (July)" left me in fits of uncontrollable laughter. Journalism has reached a new low with his repeated observations on the Duke basketball program. How anyone could not prize a school for having high academic standards as well as a great basketball program is beyond me—and I'm not even a Duke fan.

—EAS HOBART
Delaware, NY

YOU HAVE MENTIONED the woman's fall. I find your heartbreak by placing her. When Wonder heard Christian Lantieri under the scrutiny he deserves I will turn my attention to the joys to see if the pompous power boy winds up "underneath."

—ANDREW VAN DECKE
Birmingham, AL

DID MIKE LANTIERI happen to see When Wonder heard? Probably not. His too busy criticizing people he wishes he were as ugly as. Well, Andre Agassi was it. He may be handsome, but he's a winner.

—LISA AUSTINE DEAR
Lawrence, KS

Reeler Madness

WHEED DID YOU SAY, by the "mad-as-a-horse" rebel John Bonetti must have been spiced-out on the staff when he wrote "Marjane" (July). Does he really believe comedies is harmless? Being a wife myself (I played sex and children in my hands in the late and early '90s), I wanted to say my off the stage by someone every a Mary Jane-violent sitcom, who actually thought he was leaving the reader (and these guys were flawed).

—LEWIS JOHNSON, M.D.
New York, NY

The Older the Better

CONGRATULATIONS to Rogers for turning a ton of new women into shiny ("New American Women" July). Halfway into my third decade, I find it reassuring to know that the position of women (and not be lost to the insurance of reality.

—THOM WHITE
Chicago, IL

Forget-me-not

LOOKING AT your fiction class, "It's No Bed of Roses" (July), and saw that George Bonhardt, Inc. has been exiled from its quiet Garden of Eden. I thought that as quiet of one of these July (and winter) we would be there. We were not even on the compact heap even though we have spent all over both authors as Vase Pansos, Wilson Tazari, Mark Richard, Rachel Ingle, and T.C. Boyle, who have all admired Rogers's pages and should have been shown libelously scowling over the words. Anyway, don't forget us, we are here, like Candide, celebrating our own garden.

—GEORGE BONHART
New York, NY

Living in the white house, the world with your children and desire place number 1. The Sound and the Fury Rogers says Broadway New York, NY. Sorry, Lantieri may be looking for length and story.

HOW TIMELESS IS THE BEAUTY OF THE NEW MAZDA MX-6?

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P E R R Y E L L I S



A MEMORY



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

YOU WRITE SOME bad shit, man," the voice at the other end of the phone begin. It was very early in the morning and Barbara Grizzuti Harrison was cranky.



Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

"Who the hell is that?" she said.
"It's Spike," the voice said.
Spike!
"Would you think about the book in

Jungle Fever?"
She told him the book what he had done with the book characters in *Jungle Fever* and *Do the Right Thing*—close to perfect fiction and emotional experience. In fiction, she thought, double it! That was outrageous. Was this a comment on the Spike virus making? A warning of trouble? Honestly.

After reporting her piece (*Spike Lee Hates Your Cuddly Ass*, page 134) on the director, whose much-misrepresented *Melrose X* opens next month, Harrison says that she had never encountered a more difficult subject. "I would have preferred it if he had actually hated me."

Harrison is the author of *The Damning World* (recently published by The Inner Art Press), a collection of her essays and interviews

over the last decade, and of *Julian Days*.

Few contemporary authors have influenced a generation of writers [if not an entire generation] as Thomas McGuane has. And whether it's his first novel, *The Sporting Club*, his non-fiction, *Private Wars in the Woods*, or his collection of sports reports, *An Ounce of McGuane* is an inimitable style, who last his work with equal measures of passion and humor.

Perhaps even more remarkable is his life—he is a consummate fisherman, hunter, and legendary bull rider—which is often strange than his fiction. This month we are pleased to feature an excerpt ("Caring Less," page 166) from McGuane's most ambitious work to date, *Nothing but the Two* (Houghton Mifflin), a tale about a Montana man who goes bankrupt, emotionally as well as financially. "I think

this is my most compassionate novel," says McGuane. Even his experience as a *Time* magazine correspondent in Vietnam did not fully prepare him for the danger that moved him to *Nothing but the Two* (page 166). McGuane says, "The people seemed scared to kicking death." Anon tells the story of one man's journey into the world of a cowboy, but when some birds discovered that he possessed Chaco

penicillin, the soldiers took him and disemboweled it with a bayonet.

For Contributing Editor MARCELLE GARDNER, this is like a second home. In fact, it was her first home.

(Clements spent the first ten years of her life there and still maintains that connection.) Later, Clements moved back to Paris to begin her journalism career. This month, she returns to Paris to explore the revival of the reporter's career.

Why, after all these years, does the City of Light still have that certain mystique? "It's like they say with Mount Everest," says Clements. "Because it's there."

To report on a weekend retreat for writers in Pensacola, Florida, Matt Rasmussen needed a few moments of access. "Sometimes, though, I had more than I took advantage of," Rasmussen says. "Being that I was engaged two weeks before."

In "Dances in Love" (page 154), Rasmussen looks at the resurgence of dancing and the burgeoning world of amateur pornography. "Whenever people try to control human behavior," he says, "there is a proliferation of perversity."

Rasmussen explores this notion further in a book, tentatively titled *Deviant Behavior*, that came out of his research for this article.

When Contributing Editor TAO PUNSA was a senior in high school, he received a recruiting letter from Deep Springs, a two-year college in the California desert. He drove it out. This month, Punsan tells us what he might have experienced as he writes about what is undoubtedly the weirdest institution of higher learning in America ("Lord of the Cows," page 16).

Carle Slaughtering us, anybody? "The quietest school," says Punsan. "In that one third of the students speak up at least 5 A. in Berkeley one third speak up at 5 A. and one third talk off the face of the earth." We



Marcelle Gardner



Matt Rasmussen



Tao Punsan

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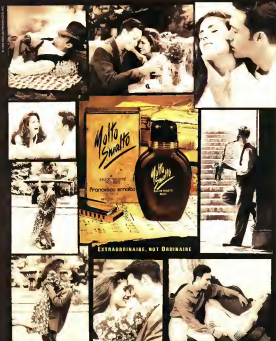
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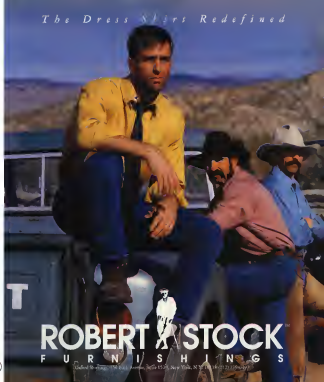
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JOHN MARIANT *Eat and Run*

Let Them Eat Steak Frites

IF ANYONE FROTHS UP five years ago that French restaurant would not only stage a comeback but become the most significant dining trend in the '90s, I would have demanded the person as idiotic. For the same people who a couple of years ago wouldn't dream of ignoring dollop-and-crazy French food are now leaping at it up with the zeal of Paris blonde gone mad on Prozac. And now several beautiful, often old-rich *bandes de merde* and their cooked-to-brown butts have become the rage. The most talked-about restaurants in New York are French from good low dining rooms like *Leopoldine* and *Les Celestines* to neighborhood haunts like *Jo-Jo*, *Pigatto*, and *Steak Frites*. In Los Angeles the highest tables to come by are French-inspired, like *Patisserie* and the swank new *Opus*, while San Francisco's *Ricki* and *Brunswick* *Savoy* are packing them in. In Atlanta the hit of the season is *Joan Semich's* *Chouquette*, and in New Orleans young Randy Woodham has made quite a splash at *Bistro* in *Historic de Ville* by re-inventing Grade French like *Provençal* French. Even in Cleveland, *Al's* *Barbar* is serving up dishes like beef-and-onion soup with *Ragout* and cheese *foie aux lardons* at the new *Pigatto*.

So why French? Well, there are a few reasons: The adulation with open cuisine was all ways more fashion than appetite, and now that the French *Provençal*—the old menu of culinary line by which the French seem to be able to eat meat, cream, and cheese, duck, veal, and red, may be healthier than American—has removed much of the pork from such foods, the idea of a little fat, grass, some duck confit, and a hunk of Camembert is all the more appealing. Further, those who can't resist in California cuisine have come to realize that all that grilled eggplant, veggie olive oil, and goat cheese on crouty country bread isn't actually French cooking at all. And, in the

end, one can never underestimate the enduring glamour of a deluxe French dining room nor the chic appeal of a fancy French bistro where everyone seems to be gossiping about everyone else in the room. Here are four new restaurants that have no doubt that French cuisine is the most exciting food around.

Tapscott (131 West Lancaster Avenue, Wayne, Pennsylvania, 215-835-2002) *Jean-François Tapscott's* colorful new restaurant on Philadelphia's Main Line has been an enormous hit ever since it opened this spring, owing to the tremendous flavor he pulls out of a few just pot-au-feu with coriander, an oxtail consomme with barley, duck breast with caramelized onions, or raspberry sauce. This he does so at substantial prices makes this one of life's more affordable pleasures.

La Caravelle (11 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, New York, 212-970-2221) After thirty-two years, you might think the once-mustard restaurant would have drifted into mediocrity. It did, until *André Janssens* took over, brightened the scene, and hired brilliant young chef *Tatiana Oso*, who has masterfully recreated classic dishes like luxurious plate quenelles in stuffed lobster tails while adding new luster with dishes like *foie macerated in lemon olive oil*, pink mignon in cream sauce, and stuffed quail with wild mushrooms and shallot sauce.

Brunswick Le Gaze (109a Florida Avenue, Coconut Grove, Florida 33134 305-661-9161) Gilbert and Mary Le Gaze revolutionized seafood cookery in the U.S. when they debuted *Le Brunswick* as a restaurant in 1961. Now their offspring of a generation is still as vibrant as anything in contemporary cuisine in the

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, SAUVÉ BY ARNOLD BOSH



middle of Coconut Grove has given the city's Latin alliance a Gallic edge. The food is simple but occasionally codish with white sauce, tomato, and potato sauce, and stew with olives and pasta and gloriously grilled ribs with horseradish sauce and mustard perfection.

Franziska (150 Fourth Street, San Francisco, California, 415-393-0991) This town is the heart in *Soluble* (South of Market Street) is an impressive venue as a restaurant, but you'll want to order everything on Grand Franziska's short menu. Go ahead. It's a one-of-a-kind much for smoked and fresh salmon, caviar, *langue de boeuf* with pepperoni and onion sauce, "bruschetta" pork shoulder on red wine with braised cabbage and peas, or *Ragout* sauce with lamb and rice. The wine is sturdy, the water family, and the whole place rings true. ■

Judy Davis: Behind the Brilliant Career

JOURNALISTS CAN BE INTRIGUED" Judy Davis says in her well-rehearsed (and scripted) interview to be continued as to the movie star that she is. It's their imagination of you and of *they're a bit dumb that you know a bit back* in her fresh, colored hair, Judy looks like a lovely Victorian, perhaps one who has recently taken on passion. You note the pulch, long-haired, somewhat, the wild hair, and the full, dark, oval lips. Davis easily submits to making something for dedicated reasons, but she's wearing in the latest Woody Allen film, and as a great Woody Allen fan, she's willing to go out on a limb. "His film is filled with this wonderful sexuality, even if they," she says. "Of course, she can't actually say anything about the film or even want to talk, she's being Woody's well-known way. She does, however, bring in the table a recent body of work that may not have an equal."

Without drawing undue attention to herself, Davis has used her intelligence and

her amazing looks to create a movie type that barely existed before—the literary female. Little did we know that in her previous, *Franklin's* ghostwriter-hunt in *Baron* Park, Barbra Streisand's then wife and Jane Fonda in *Midnight Lunch*. In these movies, a Davis character is always on the verge of doing or trying something amazing, all the way back in *My Brilliant Career*, the movie that launched her and that she despises because it made her seem foolish, she thinks Davis played a sixteen-year-old daughter for the movie career that would take her out of the Australian bush where all anyone seems to do is to make disparaging comments about her looks. She was twenty-three when she made the movie, herself only a few years out of Perth, Australia—the bush country but a remote, provincial, anti-cultural establishment.

"The director thought that was a plan that I had only just left a troubled sister, once," Davis says "but she didn't realize just how troubled it was. I felt like a mafia in

my own ever English reserve, a case of female person leading a socially acceptable or possible. More business in *Midnight Lunch*, the types seem to represent lots of *Andie* since into a typewriter that opens into a vagina that opens a pain like appendage. A nice try, Davis thinks, but not near enough. "Working with [director] David Cronenberg is like going into this lovely very, very week," she says, "and there he is, he's all for you, dancing you, loving everything you do." With a strong, she adds "I thought the film was going to be far more intense."

In Cronenberg's defense, it must be said that Davis is rarely completely satisfied. She is in the habit of rehearsing her movie in her head a little more, perhaps, as the old movie days when she knew what she wanted and what she didn't with such an common clunky *Dances* and *journalists* would do well not to disappoint.

—JAMES HOGAN

PRIVATE AFFAIRS

Judy Davis meets her enigmatic match in director Woody Allen.

GOOD THINKING

Buddy Hackett as Citizen Kane?



IN THE DIGITAL FUTURE a star will not only be able to recast an existing movie—replacing Gable with Bogart or Cagney in *Gone with the Wind*, for example—but will also be able to participate in the creation of new films, mixtures of preexisting and imagined images. The aesthetic artist will finally face the consequences of democracy; he will be a creative partner. A filmmaker won't direct a movie, he'll negotiate it.

—PAUL SCHRAMER, 1990 Cinema Museum Lecture

JAZZ



COOL WORLD: Charlie Haden samples the city beauty of one L.A.

L.A. Noir

WITH HIS NEW *Planned Heart (Nirve)*, jazz bassist Charlie Haden sings us with a consciousness of a Los Angeles past that is closer to a re-creation of it. This time poem to the L.A. of the '40s is an awful collection of racing and hip tunes that manages to interpret these forgotten period ballads, the original recordings by Jo Stafford, Jiri Souhara, and Billie Holiday. The term sampling looks strange here. Haden's *Quartet West* is trying to fit virtual reality into a CD jewel box, everything from the cover photo of L.A. as seen from the window of the Regency-Chandler except in the liner notes to the opening bars of the album, lifted from the soundtrack of *The Maltese Falcon*. The effect is to make us nostalgic for a sun and stucco decadence most of us know only from the movies. But with second-hand images and first-rate music, Haden composes a drifty, ironic mood that any film noir director would kill for.

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M A N A T H I S B E S T

KURT LODER Off the Charts

The Spring of Sixty-five



JOSEPH SPENCER: The Hendrix of Caribbean gospel

JOSEPH SPENCER is the tender family (founder) A and musician. Joseph Spencer, the richly gifted Caribbean guitarist who died in

1986, recorded half of these tunes in New York City, on his first US concert tour, and half in the side yard of his sister's home in Nassau.

His impeccably intoned cross-rhythms and sparkling finger-picking style are as full glory on such tracks as "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer", but it's the unbelievable singing, born by his sister, the formidable vocalist Edith Tucker, her husband, Raymond, who sings bass, and their daughter, Geneva, who handles what the family calls "tiddle parts"—that elevates these recordings way above the usual fuzzy clichés of "folk-art." The thirteen backbeat gospel songs are shouted out with an ebullient looseness that sometimes borders on glossolalia, and it's altogether thrilling to behold. Spencer growsl along, too, at times sounding as if he's engaged in intense disagreement with God himself—or whatever. After music taught him to play guitar like that. *Montez*

Apocalypse Across the Sky

THE WASTED MESSAGES of *Japane* (Artemis/Heart). William Burroughs, Ornette Coleman, the late Rolling Stone Brian Jones, and now raw-power producer Bill Laswell are only the least candidates to be accused by the ascribed cult of the *Messianic* pipe-and-dream songs, which has been coming out of the shadows in a surreal jeremiad jargon in its musical mission, village of *Japane*, south of *Tanger*, Jerusalem.

"The ones and gardens of *Master Messianic*" Burroughs says in his latest song, "have done nothing, the way back and perhaps before." The dreaming has a dark and ethereal power, and the mood, really pipe sometimes suggest a storm of swirling music. In the right frame of mind, you can almost feel the heat and dust and see the college women facing a watch-winding race in a crude clock mask. "Piss the Goat God, Master of Stone, Master of Fire, Agony's enigmatic impersonal, looks out through his eye." Burroughs writes. "He can look out through many eyes." A rich and disarming sense experience. *W*

WILLIAM BURROUGHS The *Master Messianic* of *Japane*



The Tahitian Choir

(Hidaka) Recorded on the extremely remote Polynesian island of Raiatea, eight hundred miles northwest of Tahiti, this 120-voice choir, accompanied only by indigenous celloids, sings songs of love, creation, and the aftermath that precede the eighteenth-century arrival of explorers and other marauders whose depredations reduced the native population from several thousand to a current total of 308. The mixed men's and women's voices, rather intricately arranged, have a sometimes celestial purity, punctuated by whoops of joy, random whistles, and occasional instrumental flourishes that convincingly replicate the sort of strident sounds you hear on a Wall Street when its battens begin to crash. World-music aficionados will dig; dabblers should move on to the Bulgarian-choir line.

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**MACHINE WASH
COLD WATER
DO NOT BLEACH
TUMBLE DRY
ENDURE**

PHIL PATTON: Design

Pasanella's Playhouse

MARIO PASANELLA'S wit has earned him an image as the bad boy of design. He wears a more sporting a big polo shirt, how tie, he lately reduces the waistline of the kid who would put side in the sugar bowl and sugar in the ink chalice. Today, with similar mischief, his more refined son, he joins limbs and knuckles, transforms taste and bookishness and looks across compartments like cherry heads inside dancers and tables.

From his first published post, a rocking chair with sideways rockers, in his much awarded spreads (proving a mix of taste and acrobatics and even), Pasanella has found himself consumed in a kind of stand-up comic. But his ideas are deeper; they play off convention and expectations. His place mats, for instance, printed with the appropriate locusts, vultures, and birds of each fish, fork, and sausage glass. They make conversation about by making a couple. They date you, personally under you, to mislead your bread knife.

"This was a challenge. 'I like dumb,'" Pasanella says. "I like ideas that make people say, 'That's so obvious, why didn't I think of that?'"

Like many coarse artists, Pasanella was shaped by a large extended family. When he was a child, he was constantly reminded of you from Uncle Thomas, Uncle Angelo, Uncle Giuseppe, and Aunt Angela. When he was also shaped by growing up in a house designed by his father, a modern architect and student of Louis Kahn. All the pictures, Pasanella recalls, were hung at the same height, all the books neatly stacked on the table. You touched anything at your peril.

"When you walked in those rooms made it clear that the only thing wrong was you."



WITTY BY DESIGN: Mario Pasanella's San Clemente bed, shown here with a serving distance table and a fold-up picture frame.

To play off convention, Pasanella chooses the most generous forms of furniture. The most generously styled and shaped, the most they ask you to perceive about them. One table across a folding picture frame, it changes depending on the picture you put on it. Pasanella displays it with the famous Piero della Francesca portrait of the Duke of Urbino, a sort of nightmare taken inside right out of Jenson's *History of Art*. The strongly used posts of his San Clemente bed were once made, made of the bones of the Tuscan hill towns long admired by architects.

But in such pieces as a dinner table, a sliding wing chair, or a long upholstered chair with hickory underseats, Pasanella is also working in a language American tradition does go back to the Puritans. He studied with architecture history as Vincent Scully at Yale and found of these early American chairs that killed out into tables

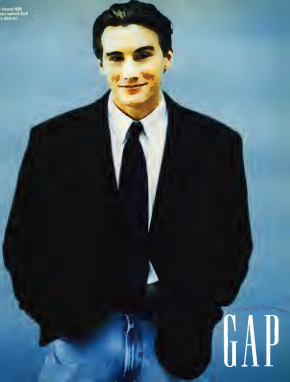
and massive oak chairs with storage in their bases, all conceived to make the most of the minimal space inside the dwelling of Puritan New England.

Not all his designs built. His idea for an easy chair with a built-in rug sweeping out from it like a broom. He had to share it with a sketch that suggests a last

Chair, chosen. The piece, placed on a table by a couple of and arms around his shoulders to produce (for now) but most of what he began does because he wants to read the easy chair. "I don't want visual confusion," he says. "I want things you can look at every day."

Of late, Pasanella shows signs of coming over to the modern world. His stand-up showcased an table who gets a network special. His travels and place mats are showing up in such early locales as *Benetton* and *the Gap*, claiming to be looking for "the new generation" of designers, but come along. It's exactly the sort of commercial imagination likely to inspire further mischief. ■

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MAN AT HIS BEST

Mourning in America

TO THE BEST tradition of resistance art, add *Angry Graphics* (Gibbs Smith). This compilation of protest posters from the Reagan/Bush era by Kevin Jacobs and Steven Miller has the righteous look and feel of work done in secret, to ward off an occupying force. It was, in fact, created by Americans during the last decade. The art is at times inspired, and a full complement of gravitas and style is represented. You will note that the right wing is not represented in this book. But let's face it, they put heaven's hand as much to copy about in the last twelve years as

ANGRY GRAPHICS: Proof that you can't fool all the people all the time.



For Your Wall, Dude

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most, flying pheasants, leading wolves, Cowboys, geese, whales, moose, buffalo, elk, horses and a green hybrid that is clearly the product of a late night discussion with a bottle of Remy. He has a cowboy riding a bucking salmon. "That's my best idea."

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—JANIS MANNING

KEY-ROCK: J. Dub and his Cowboys cut from steel



AND ARTIST



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coast style, perfect for the rigors of the urban landscape.



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SIX MILLION READERS CAN'T BE WRONG

A year earlier, during the years of his iconic body of Tuskegee in street and school, author Ome was Ralph Ellison. The other would become the best-selling African-American novelist ever.

Robert Beck's "Tobacco Blues" sold more than a million books before he died last spring, just as his publisher, Holloway House, was putting out a short-lived twenty-fifth anniversary edition of *Foxy The Story of My Life*, detailing the career he entered after dropping out of Tuskegee. The last year of his life saw his sales rise with the tide of interest in black literature and his titles adopted as African-American studies courses. They should be taught elsewhere as well.

The Harvard English department used to offer a course called *The Ragged Novel*, a title inspiring visions of study without learning how to literary

tricks to debar the subject. But in fact, an subject was the low life novel, the panoramic, the adventures of an dozen operators, leaders, and survivors, from Dime to Fielding to Finny Hill. That's what *Isabel* was. It's a collection of his life, along with Jim Thompson or even the first and most exciting part of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. And as a few more people, Malcolm X's life makes better reading than Malcolm X's preaching.

While Malcolm escaped the low life through religion and politics, his wrote his way out of it the rest of the top of popdom with the riotous and that was his last great work. After the inevitable run in with the law, he escaped from prison "like a wing of smoke," a phrase he liked to repeat. Rejected in 1946, he was sentenced to solitary in the Cook County House of Correction. Ten months in a steel box made him rethink the street life he was growing old, and the street was changing. Ome couldn't be

foiled so easily. TV had shown them what and plans was to be signed up.

His first novel appeared in 1954, at just the right time for himself. He'd moved to Los Angeles in 1950, followed by *The Story of a White Negro* about a light-skinned man was going for white, street named *White Negro*.

Isabel's prize book the same release to mainstream. In page at his underworld do to the square world. He shows up, apparently, as a loose source in the underworld of drug and violence on black English. His books came with glossier. Groping around to provide someone to put out without pay. Super and one order to maintain emotional distance. By Fort County in the South. Ome was a writer of style.

Isabel was a writer, he learned to write as a student of aesthetic success. Writing or pimping, he wrote, the rule was the same. "I'm not shocked to get to be spectacular and occasional otherwise you are a genius get no white lot of brass." In *Foxy*, he has written a somewhat older pimp in his past, at one and surrounded by his style. "Sweet was a king on a white velvet couch wearing a

KEENE BLUM:

The original cool daddy

white suit smoking jacket. He looked like a huge black fly in a house of cards." Of a man marked for death. "A good thing will be delivering his soul."

In the early 1950s, he met up with the Panthers. He took to them, but they didn't take to him. He saw his success as pimp and one man as a blow against whose oppression, the Panthers saw it as exploitation of his own people. Soon afterward, he stopped writing and began teaching school boys on the evils of the low life. But the kids kept reading his books. Not long ago rapper Ice T admitted he had borrowed his name from Isabel Blum.

—PAUL PATTON

White Juice

By James Ellroy (Knopf)

THIS RAGA of paranoia and corruption, low life and the LAPD in the 1950s makes today's L.A. seem apocalyptic and Cheryl Goss seems upright. Ellroy has been called neo-noir, but he's really a pure pulp. He preaches to people as the *ag Mercy* gangster car that figures into L.A. Confidential as found in the writer in *Black Dahlia*. Darker and colder replace the real-life figure like Mickey Cohen and Howard Hughes mingle with a sort of corruption. The style is a *Remains* driven blend of screenplay, serious police work and officers on the scene, merged in the consciousness of a dirty cop who's quite as dirty as the rest.



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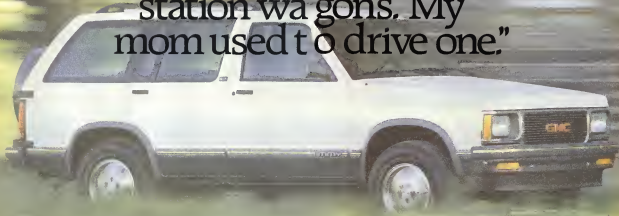
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Way Out in Wahiawa



THE HOUSE THAT PINEAPPLE BUILT There are only as many Hawaiian-colonial properties as the blink and they're gone fast.

THE PLACE: Wahiawa, Hawaii. Thirty minutes from Honolulu, another thirty to the island North Shore, lies squarely in coastal Oahu. Wahiawa was the Southwestern of the nineteenth-century: a summer retreat for Hawaiian royalty and the colonial class fleeing the heat and hassle of old Honolulu. Today it sits on the outskirts of the pineapple fields and is still considered the beachhead, with downtown just a handful of stoplights on the way out to the monster mall.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PLACE: The land to the north of Wahiawa was once cattle country, owned by an Englishman named Gubbins, who brought it in the 1890s to what was then the California Packing Company, now Del Monte. Following the colonial formula, the white folks, or *haole*, drew their labor from the locals and their management from the mainland, buying large tracts of land in Wahiawa to house them.

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Even as land values were inflated, the phenomenon, added by foreign companies in the 1920s, started a steady decline. When the last one of the Gubbins family land expired in 1954, Del Monte

wasn't interested in all of it, and the company is selling off its properties in town.

A WARNING TO CALL HOME: A place with a strong yearn to the open is today an oasis, so many properties are being subdivided: some with the original bungalow motif. There are numbered three- and four-bedroom houses that have seen decades of tropical weather and are listed "as is." What you're buying is the land.

WHAT PRICE PINEAPPLE? This is rural, small-town America, and prices are moderate compared with those in the big city, but this is Hawaii, and a diet of *hawaii* doesn't come cheap. A new service lot will run you 16 million, though you do get three bedrooms thrown

into the bargain. A chunk of carved-up estate will set you back \$10,000 for a 5,000-square-foot lot—plus you get your own four-bedroom Depression-era home.

PARTIAL DISCOUNTS: Taxes are high, gas is expensive, and even tropical fruit is dear (but this isn't Big Brother and you won't be finding any expensive hats). Think beer and a tie-*dyed* shirt, a quiet parcel of land with a mango tree to an increasingly rare thing—and there's always the long walk on a potholed, empty beach to watch the sun go down. Going, going, gone.

THE OUTLOOK: If the sun in which Hawaiian golf courses are being snipped up by the Japanese is any reflection, the market will continue to expand. Community meetings are already under way to discuss the development of the eight hundred acres that Del Monte will be vacating. In addition to preserving a local archaeological site, one plan does include a golf course.

—ERIC PASTER

THE LISTING

The Eames House, built in 1928
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AMERICAN SCENE: TAD FRIEND

Lord of the Cows



THE COWS dread this day. Six Deep Springs College students are gathered around the slaughter pen with their skinning knives, transfixed as ranch manager Geoff Pope steadies his .22 pistol at a cow's brown eyes. The cow serpentine frantically, then stops to ponder the loud heaving that crosses the air. Then it topples. The students cheer as ankles to a tractor shovel and hoist one thousand pounds of dying meat into the air. Zachary Unger plunges his knife into the dangling animal's neck, undulating gushes of blood from the jugular vein and caudal artery. The other cattle in the holding pen moo unhappily.

"The thing that scares me most is how little it scares me," Unger says, goaded like Lady Macbeth, his arms and wrists watch crimsoned with blood. He contemplates his gory knife. A pig's head from a previous slaughter is impaled on a nearby fence post, a hint of *Lord of the Flies*. "I feel I should be more humble," Unger says at last. "Reaching in there to slit the jugular when the cow's all at work—it's weird. And in college, especially."

As four students skin the cow's legs, beginning to carve out the five hundred pounds of beef that will feed everyone for the month, ranch manager Pope says quietly, "They eat themselves out emotionally on this. Many of them really love it, especially the vegetarians. About half the students are vegetarians—or become vegetarians when they see the slaughter—but they do it to show their desire to labor for the communal good." It's all in a day's work for Deep Springs's twenty-six male students, part of a two-year program of liberal arts education, labor, and self-governance set on a 3,000-acre ranch lost in the California desert, with Death Valley the local landmark and the nearest town twenty-eight miles away.

For many Deep Springsers, the slaughter separates the college's peculiar splendors. "I was very moved by all the blood and felt I understood the meaning of meat," alumnus William Vollmann recalls of his first slaughter. "I was a little repulsed too," adds Vollmann, who supplements readings from his novel *Woolen for Gloria* with photographs of pandemonium. "But I volunteered to

help at the next slaughter, because I was conscious of the sacrifice the animal made. It made you feel you had this responsibility to take care of the world."

A tiny utopian experiment with free tuition, room, and board, Deep Springs seeks to cultivate the world's leaders far from the world, far from white founder Lucien L. Nixon in 1924 called "an evil system" "drubbing with every sort of 'material device and sensual pleasure', far from TV and roller discos. And let too, from drugs, beer, frats, and co-ed pool parties—the reasons more guys go to college in the first place."

This tiny desert college is not, repeat not, a weird colony of egghead superheroes

"If you come here, you have to sleep an angry young rein phrase," says Kirch Hockerts, an alumnus who teaches philosophy at Deep Springs. "At other colleges, if you get drunk and break some windows, you get caught or you don't. Here, it's just really stupid, because you have to fix them. And the same holds, metaphorically, for relationships between people."



"There's a lot of conformity among these supposed nonconformists," he says later, while he halfheartedly eyes an over-the-counter printer to type forth address labels by reformatted in a laser-saving mission. "It's a very small community, and the one disadvantage is more conservative than the faculty. For instance, being previously drunk is not something to be avoided, but most people here don't think that."

When's someone, the perception that he's just pulling his weight, and worse, of all, the belief that he can't be trusted, will all be taken up in his impending 11th Grade evaluation. "It's going to be tough," he says fully. "It's going to be hard."

DEEP SPRINGS is good enough that it should be better known, Kirsh Hockers says, scuffing the dirt with his toe. "We should be well-known in the Rhodes schools." Deep Springs' more popular teacher wears cowboy boots and a brown leather jacket and rides a Yamaha, but the twenty-seven-year-old is also a Marshall scholar who at "all his dissertation" for his dissertation in Oxford.

"We have no future track," Hockers says, "so for most people the joy of teaching here"—he nods toward the mountains, where the sunset flashes the sky with bolding light—is outweighed by the fact that you're getting your money on both. And, of course, so will our head of it."

Outgoing president Ed Horowitz, 36, a former United Airlines general counsel, all that he's embarrassed to discuss the morning pay of anyone with potential students. "It's basically a shattering operation with a daily physical plant and not much of a library," he says. The college isn't a district of subways a year on a budget of \$10 million, and no endowment is only \$1.5 million.

Because of their rejection, Deep Springs ends up with students like classical history professor Albert Devine, a bearded, domineering giant who won't admit back after last year. Elsewhere, Devine would be a shattering force, but has been hard to avoid, as he is at dinner making on a chicken bone and leaving about Adam Khan. "I don't understand why he came here, when all he wants to do is date Asian girls and marry a Jewish girl." The white is white. "I like Jewish girls, myself." Devine continues imperiously. "They're rich."

"Why, Albert?" Junior Horowitz flutters into the millers.

Deep Springs's presidents have also been unimpeachable. Two years ago Saul

Wittel Bergman was fired after six months because of alleged chronic congestive heart failure. He was a mathematician, with students his plan for the rapidly going over. His young's master replacement, Horowitz, also slaked with academic expectations. "Bachelors were very chosen," he says. "It's tough—you really can't find someone with the qualifications who'd want the job."

Incoming president Sharon Howard, a former dean of Weber State University, seems to have the chief qualifications: no massive, disposition. "I enjoy situations almost unthinkably, since, as I feel right at home," he says after his first week on campus in July. "It sounds superficial, but I really am a creature of the world."

The world of Deep Springs needs such great faith for its recurring stress. One student plans with detail of more in November when Kirsh Hockers wrote a letter to the students. Hockers's "faculty proposal" was bluntly apologetic. "We feel that Deep Springs is not living up to its potential as an educational community. As a faculty pose of blue-collar and a lot of us think, the Ivy League bound should be aware the irony." [The problem is the] preponderance of silence, nonverbal responses, and labor talk at night. We hope that you take this as a challenge."

The modern took it as a sharp note in the eye. "We started to talk about it at 10 [boardroom faculty meeting]," says 36 president Chris Horowitz. "There we said, 'What a moment, this is brilliant! We're not looking down on academics, and if we don't talk to you it's because you're failing to engage our interest.'"

"I was asked by the faculty here, which was partly aimed at me," says labor commissioner Mike Avila, who taught student jobs. Avila sits in a corner largely unused in his down room, slugging what remains Tim Horowitz's morning talk, his a moment, like his a leader's quiet confidence, and it's easy to see why younger students seek it's approval. "The letter didn't address labor's association to me—people who work hard get rewarded, get chosen for the good jobs of cowboy, farmer's assistant, and dairy. It belittles your place in others' eyes."

One Avila's shoulder an old gruff colleague to stand on the house.

DEEP SPRINGS IS NOT A DEFORMATION.

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"A pose of blue-collar cool is often struck; the Ivy League-bound should beware the irony."

"There's a split down the middle here," Avila adds, leaning his Springer. "I say [the Deep Springs] really, really, really." "There's the people who get the work done, the security union, and there's the scotch-folly ones who work a little and then get into a sense and talk about education." He sits a moment, thinking.

"But," he says, "seeing past all the time is not an educational experience." The Deep Springs student for student history is looking in. "It's exactly the blue-collar-cool [which] we're being like a cowboy." He remains more more. "On the other hand, you could say that I have that point of view because I didn't get the job of cowboy, which I wanted. Which I certainly wanted."

THE COLLAGE is a solid in search of balance, easily moved toward an idiom, toward labor, or toward class. The weight change constantly. Each year brings a half new student body, a half new faculty staff, of late, a new president. "Things that seemed last year became traditions," Kirsh Hockers says, "and things that seemed last year are forgotten forever."

Two years ago the college's entire department failed was accused to death. In addition to the problem of resolving deep preconditions, one student, after being selected while remaining to school on the west coast off for parts unknown. The name reached Deep Springs that he was wandering lost in Death Valley, and a relief of students drove down to search for him, unsuccessfully. (He later turned up at Devine.)



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October 1992

Another student returned from a picnic walk in Kankakee and began behaving strangely, making asynchronous phone calls to raise money to promote a local Deep Springs. When more depressed men returned and he was asked to come to see a psychiatrist, he demanded that the doctor come from California and the Deans. When the doctor couldn't, the student said, "You're no psychiatrist!" and stormed out.

Three a summer ago, three second-year men first raised by the year's excess three stories at a sculpture, densely known as "pot" say on a rack," second by a hard summer experience. They then led a dozen from your students up the hill to destroy the sculpture. The students walked almost immediately that they'd lost control—that you couldn't just destroy an artwork because you thought it ugly or because its creator poured his soul into it.

With their last lives, the college doesn't seem to function, barely powered by outside like the annual summer trip, on the night of a full moon, to the nearby Elvert Valley State Downs, where everyone rolls down again and to the "hoops," wild fun for those who don't make it out of each year.

We had a more and a half hour discussion about the faculty," says Green Kelly, a first-year student because it started because of his shaved head. "We were scared that we'd need to be a level of the film community but we got ourselves on the couch, talked it through, discussed our views, knew of apology to the community and the community and came out with a sense of solidarity."

WITH BETTER WORK funded Deep Springs, he wanted to prepare on the line for a life of service that would help lead "the growth of the human race toward God." A sociological-worshipping entrepreneur who made his fortune in Telluride, Colorado, with the first of mining/current power plant, Mann came from the Carnegie mold of rubber-herm-philosophers who preached lofty principles and peccant inner ethics. "He was the last to give his advantages," says Brad Edmondson, editor of *American Dream*, popular magazine and a Mann expert. "A good analogy would be *Daddy Warbucks*—the

character who comes from nowhere and through single-minded, intense monetary achievement has just his cover gains happiness."

Nann, whose quiet, quiet-eyed features express poise from photos of some campus had a vision for his college that is contained in "the gray book," a slim volume of his writings given to every student. Mann's philosophy is often closed and

They realized you can't trash an artwork because its creator painted his toenails.

opaque, but what shines through is his fervent belief in self-sufficient communities, his American belief that scholars should use their hands and engage in the work of the world, and his personal belief in the virtues of and scrubbed.

"He doesn't have a deep personality," Mann wrote. "He has a voice, and God speaks through his personality and voice. Great leaders in all ages from Moses to Roosevelt have taught the deans and heard his voice. You can hear it if you listen, but you cannot hear it while in the midst of upstart and with far material things. Goodness. For what come ye into the wilderness?" Many students today discover Mann's climate, dream, and business stories and they worry that he is a harbinger of a small remote school for young men whose society situation "situation of his homosexuality have followed him permanently," Edmondson notes. "He believed in the great man theory of history, emphasis on the men. His students were men and had all sorts of Greek and Latin words, but the important thing was that his family and community needs were met reasonably by men."

But though Mann's personal reputation is in decline, students still invoke his writings in the periodic debates about Deep Springs's purpose, like tongue or Chairman Mann. Mann can be quoted to support almost any position. "The underlying truth of Mann's thought seems to have been the idea that he advised would produce society's leaders. And, given current judges and congressmen and a few business like CBS European correspondent Charles Collingwood and former deputy U.S. ambassador to the UN William window Howard, a hardy. Perhaps the college doesn't accelerate the glitters necessary for governing before the masses. Mann's legacy is gone, plain as the day they don't know."

So, in the end, Mann's legacy is gone, plain as the day they don't know, so says the public discourse. "If you're a new Deep Springs, you go into a niche out of the public eye," says William Williams. "The other

possibility is that for all the talk, Deep Springs doesn't really do that much."

Students now have an embargo voted that ends social support from Mann's Blacksmith Theory, which suggests that a blacksmith with "abundance of heat" who serves his community can be as good a source of the country as the president. "There's one Deep Springs I really look up to," says student Chris Randall. "It was the equivalent of the Nobel Prize for interlocking goodness to Third World countries, but I can't even remember his name."

THE MORE CONTRADICTORY aspect of Mann's legacy, of course, is the lack of women. (Do you really mention the historic death of money students?) Twenty-one out of twenty-three annual student survey polls since 1990 have favored coeducation, but year the vote was 17 to 5 against, perhaps because many students had just taken a course on masculinity. The curriculum may be changing back again, one-third-year man, arguing for coeducation, wrote recently that "in paragraph Nietzsche, that which does not kill us makes us stronger."

"We felt we were warped because we didn't have women around, and as a response we were being warped," says Williams. "When girls aren't around, you talk and think about them in secret ways. A lot of us had correspondence relationships, and most of us got dumped. I suppose everyone must have masturbated. I did."

The problem, Edmondson points out, is that "if you have one someone relationship, that's no person of the modern body. The roots from genitalia with students body concern, brief sexual visits are presumably already cause problems. We would have to expand the facilities and get more counseling and would probably have to double the size of the student body. We just don't have the money." (An million of the college's \$4.5 million endowment was given by alumna James Withrow Jr. on the condition that Deep Springs remain all-male.)

"It is opposed to coeducation," says co-dean Jeremy Hunt. "We have something special now. Students focus more on coexisting relationships which is traditionally stronger, they go down forms, which is more culture. There's a lot of scrubbing, and men are more physical with each other than they would be otherwise. They confirm their own homophobia that rules America, and they may not compare it, but they feel more comfortable with questions of sexuality."

DRAKKAR NOIR

EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris

macys/BLOOMINGDALE'S

Feel the power

"On the other hand," Hess admits, "it would be most fun with women."

IVE GOT TWO CARRIERS about this," says Jim Page at the beginning of *Recreation*. Committee discussion of Adam Khan, who went to the dorm for the verdict: "We taught Adam in a couple of his early on, and he was saying it's okay to be so get what you want, to screw somebody if you need the job," like the office manager and wife of ranch manager Geoff, is it mostly masculine, but at this case the representing a common concern. Usually R Com-known to a few who think it a slaughterhouse at Khan Com-remains a woman's mood in fifteen minutes to half an hour and writes an evaluation suggesting he work harder on academics or career he potential for leadership. But this session will run well over two hours—the longest of the year.

Earlier several faculty members discussed Adam with R Com chairman Jeremy Hess. "They were concerned that R Com was going to come down too harshly," Hess would later say privately. "They were delighted with Adam's fresh approach, his intellectual energy, and didn't want us to show him for focusing academics over labor."

Several of the students at the morning forum when they read David Stendel's evaluation that "Adam's response to evaluation was abysmal. Over a period of three days he was able to record the data nine times." Adam himself wrote in his self-evaluation that he considers the labor program more or less "a total waste of time."

It's clear the committee doesn't understand Adam or what he's doing here," says Jack Kline, rubbing his blue beard. "We should go into dorms and tell him what we expect, that he can't just spend his time on labor-saving schemes. When I was teaching him to garden, he wanted to keep the crops above ground and have the gophers come to them. I was like, Adam..."

Two hours later, after repeated volleys of graying and scalping, the ultimate question arises: two views from: *Recreation*. Traffic says, "A lot of people told me they reported here to be destroyed." There is a final, then heated discussion. Does Adam's performance merit the degree of expulsion?

"He's getting an F on labor, and that's not unusual," knows David Stendel adds.

"I just don't trust him," Jim Page says. "He really worked cautious to me now,

but I picture him with a knife in his back in the road that he sticks him in." One of the men people on the committee says their hands to indicate that they are, don't trust Adam.

The conversation turns to the question of whether continuing disavowal would give Adam or remove him. Mike Avetta, who has been mostly silent, finally says, "Let's not waste it, but we'll discuss that there was a long and serious discussion concerning the possibility of disavowal." Fingers snap off around the table's long end, that it is not (most) Deep Springs way of signaling agreement.

"Let's not suggest it too much," Dave Stendel says grumpily from the north. "This may be his first real hour of hardship at Deep Springs."

Jeremy Hess finishes writing the committee's recommendation that Adam stay down his attitude and do his labor without wasting time trying to save time. Then Adam is brought in. He sits squinting and peering his glasses while Jeremy reads the evaluation. Everyone else keeps his eyes down, even after Jeremy concludes with the mention of the discussion about disavowal and the incredible observation to "turn out this a challenge."

"Okay," Adam says, smiling, to me at least, unchallenged and unchallenged.

After he leaves, Jeremy says, "Keep your kids bigger out." People nod, absently.

Given Kelly moves to his roommate, Jim Kibbo, who missed the first part of Jeremy's reading. "I thought it was talk of you to come in on the middle like that," he says. "Buddy," Jim points along after he was nearly dismissed during a five-hour R Com the year before, Jim is not his own out of get out Gilbert Pass, reconsidered, and control slowly back to the field.

"You're made in Adam."

"It was disappointing," Dave Stendel says carefully.

"Thank you," Geris says. "That was the word I should have said."

There is a pause. "I'm sorry," Jim says. "I'm flustered about it, and you're right."

LIKE A STARTUP, Deep Springs seems able to lose huge chunks of itself and still, rather casually, to heal or regenerate. Reflecting on the trying events of the past year as he walks down an avenue of

outwood, even, red-tailed hawks, and gray-shaded goshawks loom in the air overhead. Chris Blackhead says, "We'll no student has ever been killed here. We'd lost a finger once, but even that was saved back on." He smiles, a rare joke. "Somehow at Deep Springs we manage to have small meetings all the time."

The curious thing about Deep Springs isn't that it's frigid and trying but worse: it's that it's innocent and trying and deep of itself, like a world. Back to his room after the R Com evaluation, Adam Khan says, "For the most part, it seemed like I had I think the whole idea of feedback is good, but I found it very far Chamberlain." Kaka chills in his overall, unhelpful, and trying through the hours as he absorbs the weight of a small community's disfavor with his interpretation of the noncommittal ethos.

He walks here, Khan was winning praise for his enthusiasm and his unexpected devotion to labor. "He's more willing to get down on his hands and knees and work," says Jeremy Hess. "People say he took his R Com evaluation to heart."

"It's just another change," Khan says when told his new attitude had been widely noticed. "I still don't drink the cream from labor is worth my investment, but I do because I don't want to lose an academic year" in August, Khan had looked around America, still looking doubtful whether to transfer to the University of Chicago.

It is probably too much to say that Lauren Hines, seeking to create nonacademic leaders, unwittingly created a tiny society with such conforming passions that it produces smart, thoughtful followers. But certainly Deep Springs assumes only a delicate equilibrium between individual desire and community needs and Adam Khan topped that narrow line for

"Deep Springs wouldn't work too well if everyone quit," he says, "that it wouldn't work if no one questioned it, in that. Still, it's hard to be the person who does the questioning. There's no great justification of someone who's different from the normal abnormal, but you're always going to be better off here if your nonconformity conforms to everyone else's nonconformity." ■



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THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

Repulsion and Grace

WITHIN either the classic Greek or Elizabethan concepts of drama, neither disasters of business or marriage transcend the comic framework into the arena of tragedy. Tragedy is saved for those of "high degree" who fall from a "high place" because of hubris (Marriage and business were not thought to be sufficiently high places, more like an ordinary perch with a bad step). The fall of the tragic hero is understood to be a fortu-

nate fall, as the dice stands of the hubris-ridden hero reconfirm the eternal verities by which we survive, verities that have largely disappeared—that we no longer have tragedy, though we have a vast oversupply of pathos.

Just in case you're wondering, those were my thoughts while floating the hotelized waters of Gotham, where I had essentially been fired and rehired three times in three days, the age-old shattering elevator of sheweb. The fall itself was out of bed at the first crack of a postmodern dawn, gooey with snog and the barest fur of noon. Just an hour before, at 4:00 A.M., I had put the dead back together over the phone. It was to be a Day of Faring and Thanksgiving. A rule of thumb for grown-ups is to contain your effusions and never leave a city in a state of delirium, an admission of grief, hysteria, and a lump of coal beneath the breathbone. This is not the kind of soap you want to carry onto an airplane and back home, where you would be liable to discuss normal folks with your act as the Rodney King of screenwriters.

When I hit the floor, somehow rather graciously, perhaps like a thickish leaf, I instantly remembered that sleeping carelessly don't fall out of trees, also that I had never fallen out of bed before. This was a classy hotel (the Cadyle),

and I noted that the area under the bed was clean as a whistle, not a fumbull in sight, which gave me a sense of the order and rightness of things. One of the doctors of the usual *terrore* voices also told me that all emotions must continuously be saved through the idea of grace, that we live in a universe and on an earth with meaning. Another voice, a bit more treacherous, told me that when the world woke up, it was time to make arrangements to go to my age-old hideout, the Cornhusker, in Lincoln, Nebraska, where sanity himself, if never more than an inch away, is, in fact, in the air of Nebraska like an odorless perfume.

I set off for a hike through the delightfully empty streets—not even the fiber-laden joggers are out and about at 5:30 A.M. In the dense, misty greenery of Central Park, I bowed to the six directions and recited a prayer recently learned from the Tibetan Yagador.

Then you
recycle me
my actions a turn
covering the world
leave this man
the sick one here
leave this man
alone.

That should do it for the time being, I thought, as I began to run and jump to concrete carides. While catching my breath after a minute of this unworldly activity, I brooded on an event I had been lucky enough to witness the week before. In the thick air of thickets across miles from my cabin, I hear a loud, grumbling whirr, and a bear flashes out ahead of me. I come upon a patch of beaten-down ferns where the bear has been rooting, and under a degraded a movement catches my eye. It is the largest snake I have ever seen this far north, and it is coiled and flopping, mouth awag, trying to swallow a good-sized rod as first, I am spellbound and glance



New York,
New York,
it's a helluva
town. The
franks help
make the
beluga
go down

may, but then I can't very well pretend I haven't seen it, as I keep doing here. The model's mouth has split a bit over the past hours from the effort and it's bleeding. The model's legs are shaking, and her head is still inside the model's mouth. When I close to within a few inches, the suit begins to blink in me. I blink back automatically. It was all so sudden, I think. When a wonderful epiphany.

I left Central Park, making a conscious decision to pass the fastest foodstand in the city, Tabla's, where my car's been wonderfully lengthened at the most display, the rising sun glimmering off the teeth in the window's reflection. I cut over to Lexington and picked up six ounces of burgers, six ounces of fries, even though I'm a vegetarian. As the hostess called me, I called her an asshole producer, Douglas Wick, and showed him over to discuss mine in the power breakfast. I had ended up. To give the cover on its bed of ice, I had ordered a large fruit-and-cream platter: four whole lemons, soft scrambled eggs, hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of Mimosas, followed by a breakfast of champagne. After eating his share, Wick had had an appointment, though I knew he was heading back to the Ritz-Carlton for a meeting.

Perhaps I should have been headed down with him, but the breakfast didn't make me drowsy. In fact, I had a hot dog while waiting for the Met to open for the Metropoli show. Unfortunately, the restaurant and menu cascaded down my artery out. I didn't notice this, despite all the unusual news, which I interpreted as New York headlines, until a kindly old lady helped me clean up.

Managers made my heart race as I tried and appeared to my soul-and-wind doctor, Lawrence Sullivan, who has helped keep me alive in spite of all these years. For some reason, after I have written a novel, screenplay, or long novel, I have given away my mind, and it is difficult to get it back. Without Percy calls in the Ritz-Carlton, while George Romero and the Metropoli call a something else. After Sullivan, I decided to sleep in a formal bath in Grove of a quick break in the second Poppy King and a five-hour nap the exact number of hours I had been working, but in fact would have it. I opened some friends from Books to Go in Brighton Grill in Oyster Bay as Third Avenue and went in to say hello. It is impossible to watch others eat, and I noted there were a half-dozen types of systems offered, a

These folks offered to purchase my imagination to create a new religion to market to the upper classes.

Just before New York, I had spent three days in Chicago staying the latest incarnation of Jimmy Hoffa (Pittsburgh), and we had once (and only) well as Gibson, including a visit to the site of the volume of the Twentieth century, certainly one of the top-line books of my life (the other three were in the Palm, Bruce's Pen de Perini, and Gallagher's in New York City). The next evening we went to Tulane's and turned everything, splendidly down to earth and delicious, though I had to go solo on a big bowl of cups and garlic.

As I dozed off, there were a number of troubling thoughts, including the possibility of pain. There had also been a number of cards and letters over my last column asking what I had done with the pig tail I didn't use in the headline (I took it to Beverly Hills and used it as a marmalade riding crop to fend off unruly screens) from more troubling had been a long, very recent meeting with a venture-capital group in Chicago, which made a seven-figure offer to get me to abandon the column and join a think tank in an effort to come up with a new and surely profitable religion. These wealthy folks were Apocalyptic Protestants and noted that the public imagination had run amok, the country utterly infatuated with an orgy of greed and contempt for the poor and people of color on the top side, while the lower 50 percent were a growing class of social misery. Their concern offered with the purchase of my resignation to help create a systemic religion out of Buddhism, Christian, pantheistic traditions, to be marketed to the upper classes, gay/lesbians and, profitable more of an ex-urban elite. Conversely no mention was made of food and wine, wild animals, eating dogs, sex, or dance. I walked out of the meeting, even refusing the ten grand honorarium for leaving them out. I had to continue my struggle with the ordinary, as Christians with

the cosmopolitan: they and angels, God, marriage, food, and all the rest. And there was the suspicion that once you become an angel, there was no turning back.

When I got my wake-up call at 6:00 a.m., I was still giddy from a nightmare where I had been off a cable among two thousand feet above an enormous hydroelectric project. As I plummeted down toward the station of the dam and the immense turbulent river to my death, I heard a crashing of granite in my shoulders, which showed my dream, and I flew slowly downriver into a past forest, landing in a tree. I looked away to see who I was, discovering that I had become a black bear with the wings and the head of a huge black bird. What a staff! Such a creature can handle anything.

There was a message from Russell Chaffin, the artist who was in town for the night on his way to Santa Fe. He had a vision, we had a few number of drinks and finished my breakfast cover then we went to San Francisco and ate the estate of the magazine. Given my dry a feeling, I had intended an evening's rest, but I didn't want to be a wet blanket. During the year before, I had been to San Francisco but had been troubled by the death of a friend and moved the past. This time I sought out an art gallery through a couple of white-haired and plump models, several pieces of food and fresh scents, several apples in garlic sauce, a number of bottles of Tuscany wine, a tanning of fine grapes.

I'm suggesting that this is a civilized way to have some after days of rain and anguish over your livelihood. As down I flew to Oregon, where I picked up a son can for a way into the country, fifteen hundred miles on back roads to reach Lincoln, Nebraska, which is less than half that far away on dirt to what's known as flyover country, the actual heart of the country, driving through a sea of grass, then a sea of corn, a sea of wheat, then back north to the upper reaches of Minnesota, where the forest is a vast green sea, no more tops replacing the green water in the world.

HIGH TALK: The Duke Hotel in Chicago. OK, but still elegant, first rate. George Vicer to live by David Redwood (Robert R. Pittsburg). A good source of Latin American and Spanish foods. Catalina Perin, PTA International, 670 NW, 52 Terrace, Miami, Florida 33107 (305-355-1555) *

Jim Harrison's collection of writings, *Just Before Dark*, his twenty-first book, is published by Houghton Mifflin.



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THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

The Righteous Rage of Arthur Ashe

ARTHUR ASHE is sitting in the cool, quiet downstairs room at the Wykegyl Country Club in New Rochelle, New York, on one of those best-day-of-the-year summer mornings. He sits in front of a board listing Wykegyl's past champions in the Four Ball, Spring, and Father and Son tournaments. He should be talking about his golf game—he will talk about it all day if you let him—but he is mad now. Good and mad.

He raises his voice and waves his arms in the air. They are as slicky as the golf clubs sitting at his feet. He looks back at everything that has happened to him—not the injustice of it all—and he is as close to shouting as he will ever get. Not about four years of living with AIDS, but about forty-nine years of living with color. He is talking about the America of his youth.

"I grew up in a state that led the fight against school desegregation," he says. "The whole attitude in Virginia in the '50s and '60s was, 'We don't like you all. You just shut up and work for us. But you're never going to be mayor, boy. You're never going to be governor.' Unless you are black, you can never understand how difficult and combative and redneckish it is to go through life this way."

"When I was a kid, there were five tournaments crucial to making the Junior Davis Cup team. Three of those competitions were unavailable to me because I was black. Virginia, my own state, wouldn't allow me to qualify for the national juniors in Kalamazoo, Michigan. I had to go to New York. How do you get around something like that?"

Club members, unaccustomed to any sort of question, much less one from Arthur Ashe, continue to stroll into the locker room. The pastel purple seats



clear of the table beneath Wykegyl's past champions' board. There, beside the table, is a black athlete with a set of muscles that they couldn't possibly understand.

"It never stopped," Ashe says. "When I was at UCLA, there was this invitational tournament at the Balboa Bay Club in Orange County. I was the only one on our team not invited. When Open tennis happened in 1968, we were sitting around at Queens Club in London talking about a schedule for the rest of the year. I was sitting between John Newcombe and Cliff Drysdale, both friends of mine. Somebody brought up the South African Open. Cliff turned to me, matter-of-factly, and said, 'You aren't going to play the South African Open.'"

Ashe stops and takes a deep breath. He looks at his hands, surprised to see them trembling, and, surprised to find himself so angry here at the Wykegyl Country Club in New Rochelle. The speech is over. He smiles.

"These are things I'm just remembering off the top of my head," he says. "They were a constant consideration. It made life difficult. I am talking about years of wasted energy. Maybe that's what makes me so angry. All this time, gone."

Time, of course, is everything to Arthur Ashe now.

HIS IS TO GOLF as he was to tennis, graceful and thoughtful and serious. Nothing is rushed. His swing is high and fluid, much like his service motion. His one goal in life, he says, is to get his hand-cap under ten, though on this day he would be happy to finish under eighty-five.

Not long ago, we played together at a course in New Jersey. Ashe, of course, was out to win.

On the first press, I was living up a past and said, "Am I wrong?"

"By a lot," he said, grinning. "I thought this was going to be a friendship game," I told him.

"It's the kinda versus the battle," he said.

We talked that day about his work over January Commemorative in 1993, and then, they're, more in nature. We talked about his first and Bill Clinton. There was a whole bunch of the round when we asked all people from outside politics who should be running for president. We discussed everything, it seems, except his health.

Afterward I read somewhere that Ashe had had fighting the color barrier in this country was far tougher for him than fighting AIDS will ever be. I realize that his hands have always been up, ready to serve and volley against all manner, racism, injustice, a bad heart, or conspiracy in a sport as white as any country club. Those hands are up again now, fighting AIDS and time.

"I'm a little worse off than I was last year," he says when I inquire about his health. "I don't look any worse, because I've always looked a little thin. But if you're asking me if there's some kind of downward spiral, being worse off every month, that hasn't happened."

He looks forward with much less heat than before, trying to make you understand what it is like for him.

"I believe attitude is a huge part of this," he says. "Coming from an individual sport like tennis, I know a little something about that. When the guy says, 'Play! There's no one else in his ball for you, I am positive I'm not nervous about my chances. I'm not looking for a cure for it, just a slouch, though from what I'm hearing and reading, there are some promising vaccines that will probably be available for human testing within a year or a year-and-a-half. I'm looking at that time frame. I'm looking at things that way."

I ask him if he ever gets mad about AIDS, looks down or throws things, doesn't the way he does about racism.

"I don't get angry at my situation," he says. "If I get angry about anything, it's the lack of support the medical community gave to the overwhelming evidence about this disease in the early and middle '80s. Something was clearly wrong. The signs were all there, and they did not stop up. I remember those words from Margaret Heckler of the Department of Health and Human Services, and believe me this is as

much quote: 'The nation's blood supply is safe.' Ashe says for a moment and then the room fell silent. Why down at the other end, a locker door slams shut. "It wasn't safe," he says quietly. "She was wrong, wasn't she?"

ARTHUR ASHE believes he was infected with the AIDS virus during heart surgery in 1985. "The nation's blood supply," he said, "I'm sure. He found out he was HIV positive in 1988 when he lost the son of one of his friends. A biopsy on his blood revealed seropositive, a marker disease for AIDS. He said only one of his close friends.

In April, some lower life from 1988, April 1988. Today, and the editor of the paper confirmed Ashe with the story. He called a press conference on April 8 and shared his secret with the world. It was a terrible occasion, brightened only by the grace and dignity of Ashe and his wife, Jeanne. "I am sorry that I have been forced to make this announcement now," he said. "It is only that I fall under the dubious umbrella of public figures."

He formed the Arthur Ashe Foundation not long afterward to raise money for various AIDS causes. Last month, the foundation kicked off a campaign to promote AIDS awareness all over the world with a tennis exhibition at the National Tennis Center. This year, all men's and women's tournaments will have Ashe Foundation funds to accept contributions, offer educational materials, and tell Ashe's real name, reduce the game's equivalent to real AIDS victims.

He was last coming to the war, but Ashe is now in it all the way. "The people in areas who agree on making, agree about everything, have decided to get behind him. It is an old story. If Arthur is in, everybody is in."

"The only downside to having come out," he says, "if you can call it a downside, is having to realize in a new set of public opinion: having people look at you differ only. They don't always know exactly what to say. Jeanne and I just try to put them at ease, let them know that AIDS is just a fact of our life. And the response, at least for me,

has been all positive. I haven't lost a job as a spokesman, or a friend."

AIDS is everywhere now. Heckler was wrong. The medical community refused to step up, and two presidents in a row seem terrified to utter the word AIDS. Ashe, who battled the disease privately for a long time, protecting his wife and his daughter, is grappling with it in public view. "This is one foundation I would have preferred not to see founded," he says. "Make no mistake, Ashe has no qualms about the goodness of the fight, just the role that he was forced to play."

Ashe's pictures show up finally, and the first black man goes out to play a round of golf. He has lived long enough to see some things change.

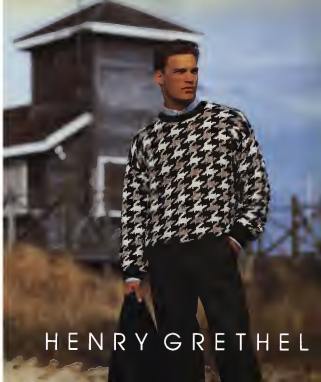
In the age and '90s, he told me before he left, "Tennis was the only thing ever everything." Today he is still the only African American male to win a Grand Slam tennis tournament, or even come close, and it does not appear that that achievement will be matched anytime soon. "If things change under the arch, they change slowly."

Arthur Ashe, though, keeps his hands on the air—up where we can all see them. He does television work for HBO and ABC. He writes his column for The Washington Post. He runs the Billie Jean King Foundation for women's tennis and, of course, leads the Arthur Ashe Foundation. He doesn't show red tennis rackets to strike at all signs of the work that still needs to be done. It is the latest chapter in his extraordinary career legacy, another era in a public life marked by greatness.

He watches as his daughter, Cassie, grows up as a different time and a different place. America of the '90s. He makes videos with her, just the two of them as that marvelous thing will. "Cassie is quite a boss," he says.

If Jeanne has shared this life, made it comfortable and different, Ashe is Jeanne's not any happier because of AIDS. When he says he has not lost an apartment or a job or a friend, he understands that that makes him different from the others. Luckier. Finally, different is better for Arthur Ashe. ■

Ashe's hands have always been up, ready to serve and volley against all comers: injuries, a bad heart, inequality.



HENRY GRETHEL



EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

Ross II: A New Beginning



I REMEMBER CARL. He was a boss here for a while. Carl had what it takes. Carl had vision. That means taking the long view. Seeing the forest while you cut down the trees. Guessing what the rest of the camel looks like when all you've got is the tip of his nose sticking through the flap of your tent.

Tossing things up and watching them spin. Rolling things down the incline. Pick-stripping the big concepts. Tossing them in the trenches. The big picture is what I'm talking about. Kicking it to you. Buying it. Tossing it for a run around the block. That was Carl's great talent. Having balls, too, yeah, he had those aplenty. Carl did, although you'd never have known it, how soft the man talked, how creamy blue were the fabrics of his suits, how thoughtful he got in the face of stupid people. He also knew how to drink big-and big, big with a little in between, that kind of big-and spend big too, when it looked like a big bit of new dough was needed to get the corn off the field and onto the table. He never blundered. He never erred. And he could kick your dumb butt down the block when you deserved it, sometimes when you didn't. There wasn't a man here who wasn't dead afraid of Carl each and every day, and even some women, too. He knew how to fear him. That was one of his most attractive qualities. And when he left, it was boom—out of here. He saw the future and didn't like the rest of it, the face of its love, the power of its will. He opened the hood, flushed out its transmission, tried to make it work, couldn't, tried to fix it, wouldn't, decided to throw it away and start over again. He's elsewhere now, with a better balance sheet than the entire Third World, of which we in this nation are quickly becoming a part.

"Carl should run for office," we said when he rode off into the sunset on his big yellow Appaloosa. We thought we were joking. Carl in politics? What? What a gag! Business is business! Politics is politics! They don't mix! But you know what? We were wrong. Mr. Ross Perot has shown us that. Heck, Carl was dead, with just the right kind of marginal hair, then on top and vertical in all the wrong places. He had eyes that could cut through a human heart like a laser cut metal. He had no patience for process or unnecessary people. He would have made an excellent senator, or even president, and that's a fact.

So wake up, Mr. and/or Ms. America.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Perot saw fit to turn tail and run almost before the game had begun, it's obvious that the little yag-cared gent was onto something. The future of the world is big business, not big government.

Why American business should be running this country

The old solutions don't work. They do not take out the trash. They do not clean up the barn. They do not get the warring run home from second base with two on and two out. They do not stem in the corporate margin of victory with no one left on the shot clock. It's only a matter of time before one of us busy bastards gets his rear in gear, jumpsstarts the dies, takes, and barrels it up the hill. Comes up the monkey and makes a bark. Get the picture? Here you do. With your business managers. And we've got strategies to make the old machine of this democracy hum and shimmy—so learn up or you're just from your position as a member of the public!

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HANGING OUT: GEORGE PLIMPTON

A Joke for Every Vote



FOR YEARS, when the speaker at the Harvard Lampoon banquet began to flag a bit, tradition held that an outcry would rise along the length of the benches: "Louder and funnier!" the undergraduates would shout—a mocking request often accompanied by pats of butter flicked off table knives in the general direction of the speaker.

This refrain comes to mind during the current presidential campaign—not that there's a lack of vocal volume, but there's certainly not been much in the humor department. A big problem with campaign speeches is that everyone in the country is getting sick of what's coming next. The only hope is that the candidate will deliver his message with a nicely turned phrase, a quip, a sally, a joke, an amusing, illustrative story, anything to spunk up the usual platitudes. The importance of humor is understood by anyone who has ever been in politics. Art Buchwald once told me that when he gives a speech, the only ones not laughing at his jokes are the politicians. "They're too busy writing them down."

The English, of course, being schooled in the give-and-take of parliamentary debate, are much better at that than we are. The remble of "Heat Heat!" is very often an exclamation not only of what but of how something was said. Imagine the uproar when Danah, looking as a row of the Opposition, was reminded "of those marine landscapes not unusual on the coast of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes!"

As for the French, who know? Their political rhetoric is unique in that its target is very often French culture and the country itself—a curious mode of self-flagellation. Imagine an American polemicist saying the kinds of things about America that Charles de Gaulle so frequently said about France: "How can you be expected to govern a country that has apt kinds of cheese?" Or, "I have tried to lift France out of the mud. But she will return to her errors and vomiting. I cannot prevent the French from being French."

In America, presidential humor seems to have started with Abraham Lincoln, who, it was said, "could make

a cat laugh." He once described humor as "an evolution that serves the much freer and sorer." Even in moments of great crisis, Lincoln would say, "Well, that reminds me of a story . . ." and he would launch (very often to his listeners' dismay) into an anecdote that usually turned out not only to be appropriate but to have a comic twist as well.

A history of campaign humor inevitably involves the gaffe—witness the enormous number of jokes about Vice-President Quayle's trouble with the spelling of potato. At the Democratic Convention, speakers after speaker—including Bill Clinton himself—referred to it, and indeed William J. Bennett, the schoolboy tagged by Quayle to add an *et* potato, was voted out to lead the convention in the Pledge of Allegiance.

There are two organizations in Washington, D.C., that busily track political jokes like this. One is the two-year-old publication *The White House Bulletin*, which describes itself as "a daily far-delivered bulletin board" that offers briefings on the goings-on in the White House and the administration. On the back page of each issue (which averages about six pages) is a column called *Let's Laugh*, a list of political jokes from the previous day's late-night talk shows—Jay Leno's, David Letterman's, Dennis Miller's (HUP), along with an occasional quip from America Hall, who isn't as politically oriented as the others. Every weekday the newsletter reaches about one thousand subscribers, among them certainly every speech writer in Washington.

The second organization, founded in 1986, is the Center for Media and Public Affairs, which began tracking campaign jokes in 1986. For more specificity than the *Bulletin*, it has the figures to show that through June of this year, Johnny Carson and Leno, Letterman, and Hall have cracked 266 jokes about George Bush, 129 about Clinton, and surprisingly only 129 about Quayle. There have also been twenty-three *broccoli* jokes, thirty-five about Bush's illness in Japan ("that barf thing"), twenty Murphy Browns, and sixteen potato jokes.

When the potato incident occurred, the Quayle speech-writing corps set about, after a lot of hand-wringing, to turn the gaffe to their candidate's advantage as best they could. After all, difficulty with spelling is common enough, people would be understanding. Immediately, Quayle was provided with a Mark Twain quip



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HANGING OUT

that you shouldn't even assume who spells a word the sure way twice. This sounds like Twain, though in fact he was a good speller; no one I talked to at Quayle headquarters was able to provide me with the exact source. To my mind, the best speller but not your best man. "I wish they'd given me the word spell. I'd have nailed that one."

Many speech writers are wary of this approach. Peter Stone, who wrote the book for The Will Rogers Fellow and has been supplying material for high-ranked Democrats for years, believes that the self-deprecatory made-it-nowhere near as effective as what he calls the ironic approach—the kind of verbal job that Ann Richards produced in the convention four years ago, when the spate of Bush having been here with "a silver foot on his mouth."

I asked Peter for his latest "ironic approach" contribution to the Clinton campaign. It goes as follows. Question: What does John Gotti have that George Bush doesn't? Answer: One conviction.

Clinton was especially pleased with this joke and has tried to credit Peter Stone whenever he's used it.

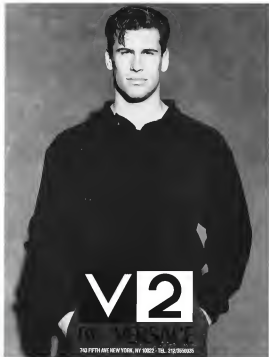
I asked Peter what the general rule was about contributions. "If you're a paid hand," he explained, "the material is the speaker's, and that's that. If you combine a joke, then there are two general rules. The first is that the speaker credits you if you happen to be in the room. The second is that the contributor's name is mentioned when the joke is used for the first time. That's so if the joke flops, it's the contributor's fault, not the speaker's."

One of Don Quayle's paid speech writers confessed what Stone had said—that she would be surprised if she received recognition for her work, much less an accolade. "It's embarrassing for speakers to give credit to someone else for a speech," she explained. "It suggests they can't do it themselves. So their reaction is to persuade themselves that they're secretly responsible—even if the speech has been put into their hands unannounced."

The wonder of it I had once been asked to say my last in writing a speech for someone else.

Familiar and thought of how Cheer Wilde had once described one of his characters. "He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing." ■

George Will, author of The Two Faces of America, recently completed The Nation Book of Speeches.





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LETTER FROM YUGOSLAVIA: ROBERT SAM ANSON

The Balkan Equation



Only the old warhead world men begin in Sarajevo.

—YUGOSLAV SAYING

THE *Meredith Express* is only an hour out of Budapest, but the bottle of Slivovitz is three-fourths gone. "It'll be twenty years before Belgrade is what it was," says the man who's been draining most of it. He's an artist, returning from Vienna, and like the others in compartment six, he's white, until a year ago, was called a Yugoslav; now, because of events coming closer down the track, he calls himself a Serb. "No," answers the university professor sitting next to him, "filly."

They laugh, between the UN sanctions that have grounded the planes and sent up the price of cigarettes 50 percent in the last week, and tip the bottle back. I feel a pain. It's the artist, offering me a share. I look up from a newspaper reporting that the Serbian siege of Sarajevo is in its seventy-eighth day and that four hundred thousand people are moving ever closer to starvation. "Haha," I say, and take a swig.

A mouthful of bad teeth flash. For an American—particularly one of the *newman America* who've been spreading all the lies about Serbia—apparently I'm okay.

I smile back, appreciative, but still wondering, about these people and about this trip. Where we've left it was the twentieth century, and G.E.'s been making commercials about the lights coming on, where we're going, it appears to be the twelfth, and people identical to the ones sitting around me—men and ordinary-seeming as the folks next door—are running concentration camps and shooting orphans. And so, broadly, deliberately, I smile again, at another bottle's cracked and the war talk begins to flow.

One report has it that the U.S. Sixth Fleet is about to land an invasion force of Albanian troops dressed in Turkish uniforms, another, that the boom heard over Belgrade a couple of weeks ago was the explosion of a

shot-down *AWACS*, another—called, a tensile sciences claim, from the pages of *L'Ottomane Romanes*—that Germany has targeted Serbia as the dumping place for its nuclear wastes, another, that via angels will lead Serbia to paradise and wipe out all the Croats in the bargain.

Every tile-roofed hamlet that rattles by brings a new story: *Vietnam plots*. *Austrian plots*. *Iranian plots*. *American plots*, all aimed at Serbia, and, from the looks with which they're received, all accepted with the certainty of the next dickety-clack.

"But we are not afraid of them," the artist says, waving a fresh bottle. "The whole world is against us, but we are still not afraid. Let them come. We will die to the last man." Heads nod, and, as if on cue, a lightning bolt streaks across the far horizon. The bomber is still miles away, but already I've entered the land of madness.



In the old Yugoslavia, fratricide plus genocide equals national suicide

I CHECK INTO THE RIJAT, where the news on arrival is as vivid as the breakfast buffet. Dubrovnik is being shelled again, with deliberate aim being taken at its cultural treasures ("So what if we are destroying old buildings?" one of the gunners is quoted as saying. "We'll build new buildings. In a thousand years, they'll be old again"), a food shortage is forcing Belgrade mental hospitals to return patients to the streets, and—the item that interests most—the fourteenth UN-arranged ceasefire in Sarajevo has just collapsed.

My plan is to reach the Bosnian capital—last heard of as the site of the '94 Winter Olympics—the start of the fifteenth. In the interval, there are rumors to attend

in, starting with attempting to make sense of a war that doesn't.

The headlines summarize its causes well enough: the collapse of communism, the rise of nationalism, and, in the absence of the old controls, the states jockey built policy differences. They do an equally good job summarizing up what caused the reaction of commentators: a jumble of contradictions as palpable like so many tipped over dominoes, the death of Serb nationalism being paramount in Slovenia, Croatia, and Bosnia Herzegovina, followed as local loyalties by Serbism "self defense" against all of them.

Even with the factoring in of a million-year's worth of fratricide-killed only by the post-World War II wedding together of a state that perhaps should not have been one—a name, a border, a people. These are the failures and what else it is to be regarded of the Balkans!

But Yugoslavia is also Europe—the forest, most Westernized country in the East. It used to be so—and it is in explaining why here, where along with Chanel shops and smart cafes, eyes are being gouged and the remnants of industry spread as fodder for pigs that supplies little short. Something deeper and darker is going on. Something that is who met in the joyous killing of heads that go through, thence, thoughtlessly celebrating themselves on radio, but as a commemorative reporter just back from the front puts it, "the apocryphal, old-fashioned way yanking an enemy back by his hair, getting deeply into his eyes, then slitting his throat."

While Sarajevians suffer, it's still a capital nation like most people.

That's the backdrop, once you blame "the mountain tribesmen" for the trouble, the Western diplomat who faults the Byronic heritage, the village statesman who, over a shako and that is a soon-to-be McDonald's, sings it is the matter of a finger Catholic Croats fighting the cross walk one, Orthodox Serbs with dogs. The divide deepens, but the matter's the same: there are different larger nations ("There are a people," says a journalist,

"who are even back to you these mountains and what they did for shame, green, now," runs that in conspiracy form. Back Heraldo, and the first serious movement took root), greater capacity for score-settling ("Serbia," says a scholar, "is a place where what was done once my grandfather was done again and again," and, well beyond the news, he led in myth, of which the most celebrated—in testimony is the principal holiday—the battle of Kosovo II occurred in 1389, the opponents were the Christian Turk, and, in every Serbian village, a "sacred" Western civilization. Only one dead is counted. The state was established.

Nonetheless, even by nationalist bias, they have been, including by Christian forces, who remembered two hundred thousand Serbs during World War II. And this experience is the clue as to Serbian difference: in it so much else, not least the conviction that since this moment, the full freedom of national greatness has been chosen, by everyone and Serbia itself.

Understand these differences, I'm all staid, and the next time a Serb says offhandedly, "If it takes a million dead, what would it be, if the small town independence" the answer will not seem unyielding, but Englewood and rail.

"You come from a national culture, where one and two is always five," a slender businessman says during dinner at the hotel, attempting to explain the logic of a taxi driver who told me that Tito was responsible for gas rationing. Tito, he'd said, was a Croat. This was also a Communist. Tito, even it not for the man who led the Partisans, founded Yugoslavia, and found down Serbia—and which has been dead the past twelve years—he'd have more gas. "First, two and two may be five, or it may be three or it may be five or it may be zero," I depend. This is just of our culture, our language."

He glances at the secret policeman who's been watching us, another aspect of the heritage. "You may find it strange that we are having these problems, but it is not strange for us. We have always had these problems. That didn't solve them. He just shows a carpet over them. Without the car-

pet, you just need the conditions for light, and they are easy to create."

The rap scribbles something in a note book. The businessman, who's already admitted death three times because of his poison, gives him another look, then smiles rudely at the readers in the lobby. They are the children of the rich, gathered for a high school graduation party. Every one of whom will soon be joining the Tito leadership thousand who have led Serbia to avoid military service—unblemished looking in their new Italian suits, girls giggling at the bottom of their frilly coats. The businessman starts again. "Communism," he says, "was not taken. Democracy is another side. Communism is the side that was there. Democracy is the side that will be there, but no one knows how it will be there. That is what is going on now. It is a war for the side."

Hours later, he is still trying to explain the inexplicable. As he struggles, I recall what the village student said, clumping on his feet: "If the foreign soldiers come, how will they know who to shoot? We all look alike and speak the same language. They won't be able to understand why we have each other to shoot."

Neither for all his efforts, can the local policeman and, as the secret policeman swears, he just may not be a returning pet. "Don't say an unkind word about what is happening here," he says. "It is impossible. No body knows anything about Yugoslavia." Odd, I think, on the way to my room. The words are the same as the most popular song in Sarajevo.

THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER MURDER

Serbs the entire this time, twenty-three women, children, and old people, taken from a village outside Sarajevo, lined up in a farmyard, then machine-gunned, allegedly by Bosnian Muslims. TV belgrade (TV belgrade, the expression calls) follows the lingering close-ups of mutilated bodies with a station's eyes into the domain of Bobobek Milesevic. Support for the Serbian position supposedly has been growing in. Hale and knowing he's always recovering flowers from the members of a few cooperative Yugoslavs are said and workers, war veterans, generous giving him to keep it up, not give it. The photographed organizations go to another twenty minutes, just as they once did for Milesevic's Communist profession. Nonetheless, it is mentioned that his regime is responsible for



to start the machine, lying on the ground when to act and when to do nothing, which, in Yugoslavia, appeared to be most of the time.

I remember, going up to my contact's office, other conversations in other UN offices. These contacts had had the usual international—civil servants, complete shortage of staff and funds, slow-motion in getting going, faraway superiors forever out of touch. They'd read the bureaucratic lingo words, like *fulminate* and *implacable*, and talked of the old days, when Belgrade was "the dream post," with weekends spent running on the Dubrovnik coast, and joked about the dangers inherent in their occupation. "When you ride around in an armored personnel carrier, along the other bank," one had said, "you don't think of it much at the time. You accept as natural things that you not at all suspect it's only later that you think that that is a very strange way to live." Always, though, they had come back to the machine, and how Yugoslavia had defied it and then:

"What are we supposed to do?" were an excuse of caring for refugees had said, explaining why she had cut off the relief convoys after one of her friends had been murdered while loading one of them. "When you look at your staff and think, *Will you have these children under fire as you exit, go, but you only have a wife as you can—when you get to that point, well, then it is time to stop.*"

"There are no rules here," a peace-keeper at which some minutes later, then to Nuremberg had added, "They shoot at anybody. Truth means nothing to these people in Africa, when a man gives you his word, that was his bond. In Yugoslavia, you cannot trust what anybody says. How do you deal with people who have done the houses of neighbors who've been living among them for generations? I've seen some of our officers wrap up the night. You have people coming up to you, pleading, 'Oh, I will, separate us, we never want to live together again.' This is an evil we'll thought long ago, hundreds, gone with Nuremberg and the Nazis. And now it's out of the box."

The elevator door opens, and, checking my identity a final time—standard precaution in a country where the UN emblem is a licensed target—the blue beret, Swedish proven, makes me to my apartment, who sits red-eyed and exhausted, over a washroom, relaxing the latest debacle at New York. He leans back and, after cursing

the gathering gloom outside his window, signals his secretary that whiskey is in order.

We drink, exchanging inconsequential snail, with a family slip, he comes to the point, "Remember the six wounded I told you about last week? The ones in Sarajevo we were trying to get out?"

Sarajevo has had thousands wounded, this group though, had made a special impression. Two were aid workers, but while trying to deliver baby food.

"Well," he says, "I thought you'd like to know that the Serbs just turned us down again. We're still trying, but there's been a change in the

status of the six." He pauses, then, in a voice that suggests something other than complete random talk, "They're lodged now."

I sympathize, knowing what the reaction will be when the story's repeated in the local but another UN failure.

My contact obviously knows it, too, just as obviously that's not why he's called me here. With a friendly larder, he wants to talk saying things the machine provides. "You should have seen Sarajevo when we got there last March," he says. "Pretty much of a university town, an ideal local place. The safe and amiable were wonderful. There were people walking around with book bags over their shoulders. You felt a had a rich cultural life, that there was a lot of music and cinema to discover, a lot of places to explore. And the people were welcoming. They were so glad we were there. We had visitors of a refreshing mission."

He takes another sip. "At first, there was just a little firing, not the kind that would really bother you. There were these radio talk shows, and sometimes you could trace in and hear the deputy trying to negotiate a ceasefire. He'd actually have the opposing commanders on different lines that a never come to anything. One walking town after another was being, and the Serbs were sitting closer and closer. We were waiting New York that a lot worse was ahead, but the diplomats regarded us as overly pro-

gressive. It was like watching a Greek tragedy. Everyone sees the next step coming, and everyone is powerless to prevent it."

He lets out a sigh. "So, finally, it came to Sarajevo. There were times when tanks would shoot and the whole building would shake. Then the machine would begin firing, and we would go into the bomb shelter and people would be crying. It was happening all around us, and there was nothing we could do to stop it. There was such a sense of helplessness."

"We didn't want to leave," he goes on, looking out his window. "There, though bombs were hitting our building, we thought we were lending moral support to the population by going through what they were going through. But that's not how the UN and governments operate. It is assumed that there

will be no risks. There are supposed to be no casualties. Peacekeeping troops don't belong in the middle of a war. There has to be a peace to keep."

The sip he takes is longer and deeper than those that have preceded it. "I remember the day we left. It was May 15th, a Sunday. The city was quiet. There was no traffic on the roads. There was no sign of life. Our presence had not made a difference. We had just served as witnesses to a disaster."

I go to the window, think him for the black, and go to the Hyatt but more than endlessly depressed. The colleagues doing the day's end drinking aren't any life. Another year, this has been killed in Sarajevo, the second in one week, and the district in the last year more than during the whole of Vietnam. The atmosphere is like a winter, only more bitter, because of the circumstances of the latest casualty. "The reporter had been at death allegedly because the UN wouldn't pick him up. Another case, apparently, of 'it's not our machine.'"

"Pick them," one of the mountain says. "Pick the Yugs. Fuck all of them." There is a pause to that, and to the next remark. "Time to stop drinking around. Being in the planes. Let these bastards suck on a little napalm."

The human beast one and, whatever there's a call at the dark. It's my UN contact, capturing more news. "Get your fuck pick!" he says. "We got a convoy going to Sarajevo in the morning."



JOOP!

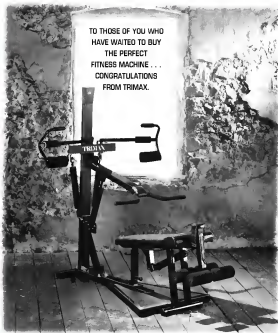
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house is being turned on 3 sleep my bags and start after the first. There is no reason.

It is usual, but the second morning of several barracks show that others have no silver-dollar suit holes in the holding where we're to sleep until that morning have also been busy, and that they're close. Another discovery—that there's no phone—reminds the last of the first to return in this. "Don't say so," he says, "a little too much like Agatha Christie."

The first officers, though, are friendly and invite us to dine in their mess. The meal is what they've been served the last two weeks: plum soup and a crust of bread. A colonel catches my look. "Think," he says, "if what they're eating in Sarajevo."

I am, as I am thinking of the officers I'm with, and as a consequence I can't resolve. They're regular guys, nothing about them is only what they're doing daily that is, and then reason like it. They say, over items of European, to explain them, to guess why it is necessary to serve and slaughter people they'd come from among.

There is a slip into Serbian daily now and again, such as the major who sits of the night position he says the Croats are providing the Muslims. "They drink it and stand up and smack with no fear, they are not like these normal men"—but, for the most part, there is merely the casual confidence of men caught up in war.

"I would like to say I am fighting for my freedom," a lieutenant colonel says, will part midnight, where the only sound outside is the ringing of ambulances bringing in the wounded. But I have been free all my life. I am an army man, but I don't want this war. I would like everything to go back to what it was. We do why do I fight? I suppose to live in peace." He outlines the drugs and corrects a crumpled photograph from his wallet. It's of his children, a boy and a girl, in his clothes, the picture taken during an outing in Sarajevo. "When you get back to Belgrade," he says, waving out their phone number. "I would like you to call them. Tell them that they like it. Fighting a war so they can live in peace." He

hands over the paper. "Tell them that their father is okay."

THE next morning the Serbs give the next morning term simple. There left but this goes a mile to the morning, next night, passed another mile and a quarter, then following two more left again, and he. Anandina Skopje and the UN will move on the remaining miles to the city nearly 2000 feet away.

They've left on just one piece of information: those 2000 feet are down the middle of a runway, with a picket line of snipers on both sides.

"Well," says Jon regarding the rubber-soled sneakers, "a lot of them are not."

We were silent, as if expecting some will think the doctor. A Serb or second car appears and, however, doesn't because. The metallic pings the and in to walk against the snipers' work, rather. Driving the more concrete, Spivak, TV people in the house of landing.

I study the runway, and the abandoned apartment. Heels that Serbs in. There to the left is the first

one, those to the right built to house the Olympic athletes. Before, where these days the Serbs are eating grass. I look a little more, noting the windows—a wide of them, all panes from which to shoot—then, slowly, an overt of pinging in the dark and watching the tick needle above pour the rain. The rest is a blur: the sound of the guns opening, the crash of the porolith crashing, the light of concrete being clipped in front of us, as if by invisible pickpockets. Then, with a slam of the ladder, the grin of the Canadian corporal who opens the door and says, "Here's a nice trip."

The relief is short-lived, like being moved from their lives, still even is still moving in. One round nearly takes the head off of a Canadian peace-keeper trying to hold the UN flag on the terminal roof. He darts, to another palmetto a series of firing orders, sending a shower of glass out to the rocket corners below. There more quick shots and the rest of the armor for appears. It's a mystery what the Russians

are shooting at. The boom of a nearby tank provides the answer. The Serbs have shown their armor to within yards of the UN position, using the peace-keepers for protection. Where tanks have been played in this war, and this one on a weekday.

"Goodbye, Serbia," one of the Croats are saying after another bullet comes by. If they had any balls they'd send it in, for sure. But don't know these snipers operate. Proving it, a Serb armored car begins pouring cannon fire into a suspected sniper's nest half a mile away. He turns, confused, shoots right back. That's not it for the Canadian, who picks up an M16 and sights in on a dark building behind a UN APC. "Good," he breathes. "I'd love to see one of these snipers." He keeps sighting down the barrel, making his quarry "Bang," he says. "You're dead."

Gradually the fire settles away, with no human damage done. In the hall, we find the UN commander, a Canadian major and his go-to had been. He's been scared falling near the UN headquarters in Sarajevo, as a result, the regular morning enemy between the city and the airport has been killed. Whether it will be resolved for the time, since depends on the Serb gunners. "You'll just have to wait," he says. "We're not going anywhere, and trying to get into the city on your own is suicide."

The hours crawl by. We guard coffee, argue whether it is suicide, and listen for word of Yugoslavia on the BBC. All morning there is news, only the occasional report of snipers hitting a city post beyond reach. It's only at 1:30, following a particularly intense barrage, a phony voice announces over the microphone that Sarajevo is quiet, and happens are rising that the airport will momentarily open to relief flights. We appear to be living on different planets—and this war is getting worse again.

The living now is coming from the front of the terminal from the Bosnian Olympic village. A warplane has put a wind-blown hole through the door's side window of a Serbian troop truck, and four Serbs armed soldiers have come to its rescue. While two evacuate the passengers, the remaining pair corners snipers, are providing for the sniper, who continues to take position.

"There," a French sergeant says, locating his binoculars on a straddled street house a hundred yards off. "There he is." He hands over the glasses and I stare down on the spot. Barely. I can make out a figure



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MAISON

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WATER

in camouflage stripping windows in windows. One of the first armored vehicles has spotted him as well. It's moving toward the building. The figure disappears. An instant later, the floor that had been his hiding place vanishes in a furious concretion. But the Serbs have been too late: the sniper's in the next building now, and, as if scanning them, then open again. Against a concretion, answers, but again it's too late; the sniper's still on the move.

More of the French come to reach. One pokes his head up over the rooftops and bursts off a few shots with an automatic. A few more for his wife, he says. English men come round out of the heights. The Serbs have moved again. The potter's again and again, a constant game of cat and mouse. Among the French, the roaring is for the snipers. "Allé, allé," they say, when the cat is about to pounce, and, as surely, he always does, with a last furious defiance, the Serbs give up. Their armor wears the French applied.

Jon appears, reporting he has found a phone and gotten through to personal friends in Sarajevo. They've scored the shelling today; the worst is under, so bad some of them are vomiting out. They also agree with the sniper: Trying to come in without armed escort is suicide. Before he can say more, there's the sound of gunfire from the roof of the terminal: a few cracks of incoming small arms, answered by outgoing snipe. More. The snipers in Bosnia are at a again, and they've claimed a victim: a young Serb sniper. But by a round that has come through the closed door of the office where Jon had said the phone.

It's lying face-up, still white, a dozen Serbs and a Canadian doctor crouch around him, pressing bandages to his upper right thigh. The floor is made of blood. "Personal injury," the doctor says. "If there were a hospital right here, maybe. But no way for this kid."

Jon's away, finding an ambulance, and the sniper's approaching. "No sniper today," he says. "But tomorrow, unless you've come to stop, but as you can see, we're having our own problems."

Jon and I look at each other. None of the options are pleasant. The war isn't pleasant, not for Sarajevo, not for the young Serb in the bloody photo, and all at once, I've lost my taste for seeing more of it.

"The recovery?" Jon asks. I nod and reach for the car keys, thinking of another young life.

"Consider the bright side," he says, snapping closed his flask jacket. "There still isn't any traffic."

It is strange, nothing has changed. Telegrams on the evening news, the reporter has postponed her spin, to "don't see" more. (Sarajevo doesn't. They're waiting for the return of Crown Prince Alexander: a London socialist who doesn't speak the language) and another international mechanism still in order. The go round, she would be. (Sarajevo is Lord Clive, representing the European Community. He's announced the business of Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia to a conference in London next week to work them out. They can't speak the rule of "all out war." What, I wonder, then, has London's still the last twelve months?

The time, say, to see if anything comes of the talks, or on the chance the government is overthrown (the embassy are saying there's a possibility this week, just as they've been saying the last three weeks), or fold my arms. I make the usual rounds, still uncertain, then go to Times Road.

The view seems appropriate. Whatever the current view of him, the tough genius here, Jonp here is the father of Yugoslavia, and the mother, ultimately, of everything that's been happening here. He is, in his way, one of the great men.

The modesty of his final resting place, accordingly, comes at a cost: a simple, ordinary, built brick building set on the grounds of a quiet park. The white marble entrance within has only the muralist's name and the years of his birth and death.

It's a modest, but the visitor would be moved by the humility, he would find these moments may be considered. One feature has already tried to have the body destroyed and a noble death through his heart, and the government seems to step the matter to Croatia and enter a business conference center on the site. Yugoslavia is still. Until Milosevic took power, ran million-half their numbers, nearly had would the crash, and at the moment of his death, 1991-1992, the May 3, 1991, was still and all of Belgrade were still. Now the

serbs are alone, and in the hour I spend, I'm the only visitor.

Jon before leaving, I pause, still debating what to do. It's the memory of a career since the morning with one of the diplomats that decides it.

He was one of the best of the embassy types, a man who cared and sponsored for the people who were his charge. We'd had several long talks during my time in embassy and he'd helped explain a lot, including that some problems are not solvable, and that the contradictions that had motivated Yugoslavia might be one of them. But he was his commitment. However, I'd learned he was going to hang on all the way, hoping, in his heart, for the best, expecting a little head, the worst, but when I'd visited a few hours before, I'd found him sharing out his drink. He smiled, as if embarrassed, then explained.

He had a friend in Sarajevo, he said, a doctor who had called every day since the beginning of the siege. There were moments when the explosion of incoming artillery were so close, the dog would hear them on the phone. But the doctor had seemed most amazed. He was sure peace would come, even that the garden on the hill would soon realize that the usual they were not, and all was falling on business terms who had been their enemies. But as the words went by, the doctor's belief began to waver. The dog had no end. Every day, there were more wounded, more dead. The chemistry had gone, and the water and food was running out. Simple, natural enemies had become a constant preoccupation.

Then, early the morning, the dog had gotten another call. He couldn't take it any more, the doctor had told him, couldn't go down, for one more hour, the tragedy all around him. He'd lost faith in the correctness of the garden on the hill, in the West, in life itself. So this would be his last call. He'd decided to commit suicide. And that the last had cut off.

My sorrow, the dog faded up a map of the land he loved and put it in his back. "The house," he said. "Yugoslavia is a dead man."

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Spike Lee

Hates Your Cracker Ass

If the battle to make Malcolm X has taught Spike Lee anything, it is to disdain those who just want to hold hands and sing "We Are the World"

LATE AFTERNOON in a midtown recording studio. Shadows converge. Controlled excitement. *Malcolm X* is in the final stages of production. Spike Lee is separated from his controversial creation by the glass wall that divides the controls from the screen on

which black-and-white images of Malcolm flicker. Actors and actresses, black and white, are looping—synchronizing voices to actions in crowd scenes. Black women gather at 110th Street in Harlem to be interviewed by prospective white employers, this



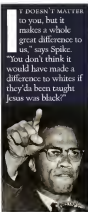
Park Avenue "male market" more closely resembles a church service, an avenue for being safe. Sidewalk preacher and sermon on rap lyrics and on bantam basketballing crowds on Harlem Square. One of them is a beautiful Druoid Washington, playing Malcolm X, who was for the attention of churches with a preacher played by the Reverend Al Sharpton. The denigrator among white New Yorkers leads to hate, Sharpton, in his common role, looks happy and honestly is sane. Another rap singer came to play by Bobby Seale, co-founder of the Chicago Black Panther, Raymond Williams, Kwanzaa, plays the judge who sent Malcolm X to prison. The casting of cinema is both interesting and inspired.

He happy
"We need them to say stupid things black heard, something like this," Spike says. The blacks in one of his scenes are talking over another scene. "How about Alabama pork chops?" a white woman asks, he is white. "Black, good," Spike says. "Everyone. There is a scene in this chapel of the prison in which Malcolm was sent for six years in 1946 for burglary. The portrait of God before whom black prisoners are called upon to worship is white, except the white technicians in the recording studio laugh appreciatively as the image of the portrait of a pretty young (Anglo-American) in suffering, and a minister (black and white) and understanding, sitting behind black ones to inherit, so on there and other ways. My education, which began when I was and was pleasantly reversed by coffee-making black attention, chills another night."

It has been a long time since I have been on one screen with black women. We saw another, and, and, and together ones. "We Shall Overcome," "There were black and white women in the same community of the economically and socially integrated school my children went to in Spike Lee's Brooklyn neighborhood. We're good—finally—the relative importance of race and class and gender—we get angry at one another, we need, we laugh, we argued at us like this and made up and worked together like men. Like the same Billie Holiday had been to me, when a black man at Motown's jazz club on 14th Street, started me off being a white devil woman. "Start a bug," Billie Holiday said. "She can go right. Anybody who can be raped is a nigger." I loved her forever. When had it all gone, the good faith, and the goodwill, the in common to trust, the ability to transcend differences and to take delight in them? This is all been a struggle?"

Now, in your mind where Spike Lee is dancing disconnected voices with quiet authority and mystery there is no hostility (black and white) either, we shall not be moved, no ego, no edge.

I say something of the sort to Spike. He says "Why should I like her now? These actors are a stain. They're not of good. Remember, they are you with a stain. They were giving just to do that. What you want to do? Hold hands and sing. We



Malcolm X, although a Harlem ally in 1965

IT DOESN'T MATTER
to you, but it makes a whole great difference to us," says Spike. "You don't think it would have made a difference to whites if they'd been taught Jesus was black?"

As the World? The diamond is too left for general in the hall dark.

I feel foolish. My voice, perhaps my arrogance, is told to much more, current and representative and offensive. Still, What if I told him that I know James Baldwin? What if I told him about the time [Spike] and I got mixed together and he, I think five weeks and then with my last hand and then gave a twenty-minute speech about physical aggression, which he claimed just that second he had discovered, and we all black and white together fell on the floor in an orgy of happy weeping? All that under Spike Lee after all, except he was playing for Malcolm X from one by Baldwin and Arnold Perle.

"You met him?" he says. He knows. "Why should I have expected more than any other white interviewer has allowed from this thirty-five-year-old producer, writer, director and world-class leader who courts the media and remains intensely rapidly, rapidly, and on speaking on previous answers. Why should I have expected the hope that we could keep on the dividing wall of color?"

It happened once, that meeting of much TV allowed myself to imagine: for five minutes or so I felt as if we were talking. I felt a reciprocal shiver of self-consciousness. We were like those characters in *Pleasure and Filled money*—prisoners on one side, voices on the other, hands reaching, palms and fingers moving, cradling, corresponding points on either side of the glass divide.

We were talking about Frank Sinatra. His genius he wrote then there when he does "Spike said." "It's gone he would be terrible. Great music, September 19th, 1950. Great album. Great. What, the man says about."

and when he does invited level down in every direction. I remembered how, in the end of *Do the Right Thing* when did a Famous Person in black, Red Star, in an office, one person in the gallery of heroes—Spike Lee, Van Cliburn, Shirley Williams, Joe DiMaggio—there was a commotion. It is a flower in the lotus in fall.

"You said that?" Spike asks. He likes to know when you've met it. I said yes. "I can see his eye on me," I say. "I said his name. I said it with my boyfriend." And I say the name of a year musician whose Spike Lee's father—composer and bassist Bill Lee—dances quite well. But then Spike's quickly overrules his own reasoning. His private not wanting to cover his marks. Though he isn't actually saying it, I can hear him say: "The white we pointed at do some? Hold hands and sing. 'We Shall Overcome'?"

I feel strange. Will he see this picture of the new old self in me? How many times can he tell how many interviewers that he wants to get married and have? Five days but he says no. He says that I don't think a baby girl in the over if I have one? How many times and in how many people can he say that interviewers can be more than just putting in a crowd, not to a white man? It says more. Instead more is required by laws of random mass, laughter at an act that pains.

Now, in the game of his horizon, good faith and goodwill he

honed, members of his audience—and maybe I lost this thought but an obliged to think of my own case. Worst of my reason He made me feel like a racist. Am I a racist?

He is convinced that the word *negro* plays a useful music in every white person's head.

"I'll tell you a story," he says. "In the *Do the Right Thing*, in the final confrontation scene in the prison between Mos Def [played by Spike Lee] and Sal [played by Danny Aiello], we wanted Danny to say the word *negro* and he would not say it, and we all knew that guy had said the word many times. What finally got him to say it was when [the character named] Buggs [sic] called him a fat gonna bastard. And something snapped in Danny, and he just went all this black outsider negro motherfucker. He didn't want to be perceived as being racist or prejudiced, and that's why he had trouble saying the word. We all knew he had said those words many, many times. Once he was hit with his gonna bastard, the *Redd Foxx* started opening up. You all have said the word many times."

XXX

SPIKE LEE'S LEGS are stretched out on the couch as it is one in the brown and work for the day has ended. The room is dark and close. He is on the phone. "If you don't get close, somebody else's house is gonna be up your driveway."

Do I want to hear Spike Lee talk about?

He says, like it, half man, glancingly acknowledge me from behind one pair of his amazing muscles of expression.

"How long is this going to take?" Today's interview he means "As long as it takes."

"How long?"

"It depends on how long you talk and how long I talk. I guess."

It would be nice to talk somewhere other than dark, quiet. Besides, he has left no place for me to sit.

"Come on," he says.

"Where are we going?"

He doesn't answer. Outside a telephone call comes up. In the room it takes on to walk from the entrance of the RCA Building to the cab, my young black man appear as if from nowhere and stand there hands and then leave Spike Lee. He is greeted in a manner that suggests he is not only a movie-maker but a prophet, a seer, a leader.

The driver of the car, a Latin, driver, recognizes him and makes a note when he leaves his car to Brooklyn. He drives away to go to Brooklyn. (Overlapping outside Manhattan's Times) Spike then this personally, he thinks he is being discriminated against. I would tell him the number of times I have had to check out of rules that would be on his mind, my horizons, I don't.

In the cab on the way to DeKalb Avenue in Brooklyn—where he home and has motion picture company and his record company are—he summons me to sit on my lap. "Do you know?" "Clayton was black," he tells me. Hence, I say "I do know?" "Black people and think that Clayton was white because they saw Khalil Gibran. White people were through the dream of going to separate Egypt from Africa and all those great accomplishments, they didn't think black. Did it. I was on a talk show." John Lunden, suddenly like that. (John Lunden, he means.) "By the way, you just came back from Egypt and Africa." "I say. What a racist, Egypt is in Africa." "Oh, you know what I mean," she says. "It's not about who you mean, because in certain people's minds Egypt is not a part of Africa, and that's a racism for that, because Egypt is the cradle of civilization, and if Egypt is black and the cradle of civilization, they don't want to hear that."

I open the door of things. "My line is comedy and not a black." "Do they still get those words in there?" he asks. He is angry

now. "So what about it? The Bible where the guy says Jesus' hair was like wool and his face was like ash?" he says. "That black Christ stuff, that's something really new. Just recently black Christ stuff? He might be black."

I don't care. I say whether Jesus was black or white or whether God is a man or a woman.

"It doesn't matter to you that it makes a whole great difference to us. You don't think it would have made a difference to white racism if they'd been taught Jesus was black?"

He's right, of course.

XXX

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, he lived the Lee family and mine, about five blocks away from each other on Cobble Hill, a brownstone neighborhood that was on its way to being gentrified and renovated out of its working-class/ethnic identity. My son played with the same interracial kid Spike Lee's brother and Spike himself hang with Sam and Matthew Benicay. A stay-at-home mother, I used to make brownies for all the kids after school. For all I know I made brownies for Spike Lee's brother. My kids went to the Woodward School in Fort Greene, where Spike's mother lives [in 1986], "had the thought to see that it was time to buy a brownstone living the part—15 Washington Park—the place was good, good, good." My daughter and Spike went to the same experimental high school in Coney Island.

Does Spike Lee care? No. Is there any reason he should care? Ordinarily when family business meets, people do care, life being an endless process of returning to the source. But in this case, so far have we all fallen from the grace of harmony. I am peacefully conscious of being black in the charge of offering my credentials to prove I'm an "acceptable" white person.

He gives me.

"I'm a very spiritual person," he says.

He spent the long hot summers with his maternal and paternal grandmothers. "Like some African-Americans who lived in the South, my parents decided to reach to get away from the city [he stumbled over the words African-American]. "We spent half the summer in Atlanta with my grandma Zennia—his mother's mother—"

and the other half with my father's mother, Mother Lee, in Stow Hill, Alabama. That was the only time we went to church—only my grandmothers dragged us."

His mother, six-year-old grandchild Zennia, who put him through Monticello College and NYU like school and got away to make his first film—only he lives in Atlanta. "We go every living in church with my grandmother, I mean, she's proud, she loves me to go to church to see how all her congregation. This is Spike Lee, this is my grandchild. She introduces us to every single member, it makes her feel good. She tells everyone I'm her grandson."

"Grandmother was really used to duke and track black people into being pastors. . . . go on the day. Also, religion goes as great to go when we had to push the cart, like these cars. . . . Jack at all the great people that come from the church—Marian Luther King, Juan Jackson, Malcolm X. . . . [He chuckles.] Nation of Islam, you get when you're young. Forget the past in the day. . . . Let me say there is a Great Being."

"James Guy in *Diff'rent Strokes* [A Different World], her father is reverend of my grandmother's church, Friendship Baptist Church. Zennia Shiloh. She doesn't tell anyone that I'm her grandson. She says, I don't want to get knocked over the head."

My inquiry at the candidly reports about his grandmother's behavior makes her proud. "Why? Because of the subject matter of my film or because she doesn't want me to look upspoke for racism. She does not mind people I'm her grandson."

He wears, having covered all religious bases with more virulence than passion.

He does this. He covers all bases, screaming, deriding, ranting, and ranting again. "Charles and Sister Spaulding are a righteous pair!"... I know better: neither Sister Spaulding, that does not suggest her name. There's a break going on for popular culture, specific don't count. There are two episodes in *The Right Thing*, covering the issue. One is a quote from Rev. Jesse Jackson King Jr., after the conference, and the other a question from Malcolm X asking blacks not to self-defence violence.

"Sisterhood, what you people want here?" he says, "what you gonna do? What does the United States do? It drops bombs on people. It's a war showing the same violence as the South does in this case." One somebody knows that if they let you think a little consequence, then they think you're a racist. I want a consequence between two different, two philosophies, Malcolm and Dr. King's. The synthesis is not going to include that conclusion.

My first response to this language is to regard Spike as someone less than coherent. (Is it characteristic of blackness to suffer it up as they go along?) In his mouth, this is translated into complexity, a theme of mythical victim. In real life, it reads like the complexity there like an almost wilful misdeed.

He wears several the robes. We just Spaulding's, the shop where he sells poems and poems and T-shirts and arrive at the iron gates of the residential Fort Greene. Spaulding's that arrive to his head quarters, Puffy and a lot of his. He says his theory from all of the time.

"What are we doing?"

"Am I coming with you?"

"No."

He tells the driver to take me back home.

XXX

HE LUGS TO FRANKLIN. Five foot five of health pounds. Spaulding looks like he should be in the hospital. He says, "I want this year in college. He was seriously 'you know.' I was in the fifth grade. I got a little bit of play with women in my senior year, but a little." "Would he been less equally conscious, equally desecrated, hence, if he'd been still?" "Then I was an idiot, I still would have had the same disease. If I was an idiot, I would have been better."

He has plenty to do with it.

What does he mean, he would have been better?

He believes now to be more important than race. A member of the black community, his great-grandfather passed down Tuskegee Institute. Spike has been in Atlanta and he moved to Crown Heights (the tower and the place that has the most claim on his ancestry—there is always one neighborhood that is home to black

**I F BUSH TOLD
Colin Powell to go
to Washington
Heights and shoot
every Dominican
in the head," says
Spike, "he would. The
only way you get that
kind of position is to
take orders."**



David M. Wright, looking in his life.

life, where all his friends were white and black. "Luckily that didn't affect me that much," he says, somewhat complacently, when I ask him how it felt to be singular.

Spike's life, memory of that time is that he was called "Spike" as a result of being a guy named Joe Tringali, and then he became his friends. "And he hung with a guy called Louis Ture, whose 'grand' father couldn't read or write but cooked good. We were the first black family to move to Cobble Hill—my father moved—and I was called 'Spike' the first day we moved in, but after that, when they saw we were no threat, I had all black friends."

He tried to join the Cub Scouts. "All my friends were Cub Scouts, they'd go every camping, learn how to be leaders, do some handstands and stuff, wear their uniforms." He went to sign up for the Scouts in St. Peter's Church on Court Street. They told him he couldn't join, the Cub Scouts was a Catholic organization. He has told me this story three times.

"We were miserable, but never had a surplus of money," he says. "My father was a jazz musician, and when he refused to play the electric bass, my mother had to work. And many nights the electricity got cut off and the phone got cut off."

His mother taught English and art and black history at St. Ann's, a private school on the border of Cobble Hill and Greenwich. Brooklyn. Spaulding, two of his close friends, David and George, and his wife, Joan, were there. His dad had a New York City education—more diversified and multicultural, whereas St. Ann's was all white. Even when we moved to Fort Greene we were across the street from the project I'm now in, so my mind expanded from there because they weren't

far enough to live in a brownstone. I was happy I never had that attitude that I'm middle class, I'm better than those ignorant low-class people." He says he carried this attitude with him to Manhattan College, where there was a schism between black and white college kids and black students kids in the project around the school. I didn't feel guilty I didn't have someone's son of my classmates had. I didn't call them brother or black boy, and I did not see myself as being better than them.

His mother, Jacqueline, not back the lesson he was from his mother. "All in real life, around. She was always on as if we said 'No.' Mommy, we got it, when we were little, she'd say 'No.' I bet you kids always. I bet he got it. You gotta be good' class, some grades the Jewish kids are good."

His mother never lived to see his life. She died when he was a sophomore at Manhattan. She was a lady who "was always there, but I apply it myself, just did enough to get by. I was the oldest son. My mother and I weren't the greatest kids, but she knew she could depend on me for anything that needed to be done. I could watch the house, my brother, my sister." He was her "baby" but didn't. "Get your pants on, get out of the house, I'm sick of you, baby, baby, baby." "She loved him."

XXX

THE BIRTH OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER in his life is a rare occasion where name is Spike. Spike's father's nickname is Spike. He still lives in that house in Fort Greene, around the corner from Spike. He lives there with his second wife, Susan, and their six-year-old child, Ariella.

As my first meeting with Spike, he talked loosely, me, characteristically about his father, who was based in October of 1959 for possession of about money, dollar's worth of heroin. "I'm on the streets and nervous, we're all happy about that." The basement and upper toward his father and his father's second wife stepped out down to a period of time, coming through the company of others.

"I hate the woman. She's not a nice person. She's a bad person but not because she's white and she's Jewish, I just hate her. The day she moved in the house was the last day my family was a family. She's good for my father, but unfortunately in the expense of the entire family. Everybody has to work their own happiness. It's happy now, but the cohesion of the family was destroyed. Anybody must realize that when you come into a family, you're a variable, a stranger. Cause with me, family, she came like a gangster. My mother wasn't even told in her grave."

"Very systematically we got thrown out of the house. She was behind it. She caught my father at a very vulnerable time in his life. He was of money, seven years had got died of cancer. So today whenever she says, he's gonna do. She does whenever she says father. None of us can live anymore."

Bill Lee moved from his father's new moves, he wrote two songs for Jungle Four. Nothing. They "can't work together anymore." Spike says. Another factor was we will talk about what preoccupied the first brother, which produced Bill Lee a drug habit.

Bill Lee had a group called Nasty's. Ask of which his wife and son are part. He calls his wife Susan. His son is a club called Rocked. He is a basketballer and the descendant of rabbin, but considers himself "spiritually black." (His recent daughter.) He was introduced to her by "Barbara Ross," who was a special friend of Charlie Parker and Thelma Houston. Bill Lee says he's "going about with the work my grandfather told me to do in the world, the work he got from his father. I was happy. My work is not about who Spike is doing. If any children are not interested in the work, I'll just let it go." Ariella

Spike Lee calls his father personal and says Ariella "doesn't feel like my blood brother because my father never showed that relationship." Bill Lee says Spike is nice and that he doesn't have anything more to say about his oldest son.

XXX

ONE WAS AN ANOTHER Spike Lee had a lot of love in his life and a lot of the experience of pain. It is incredible that his anger is characterful. He has seen an anger as bloodless, so much more a definite against someone than a love. It is possible that he has replaced the anger of family issues with anger against racism.

The rhetoric "racism has been our biggest enemy, and until we deal with it and acknowledge it, we're never going to be able to move forward and upward." They're done enough for the anger. They got Michael Jackson, they got Colby, they got Ariella (Hill) and their perception is that because a couple of people were able to step through the cracks, it's like that for thirty-five and six Americans, but the vast majority of the African-American race is larger than it's ever been. Spike and Bill and the generation was usually caught by surprise in South Central Los Angeles, they did not know when he was happening. They don't care, as long as a doesn't come to the Star and Beverly Hills. ... The stars were out

continued to South Central. They didn't want you to know that."

"We've been added to our names and added to our culture. When you're doing every single way for four hundred years that you're blackness, when you're part of their self-worth, knowledge, history, that's nothing worse you can do. We got told that if we could rule in a bad way in a white person, take a look next to a white man, everything would be fine. Well, you got those things. What people have forgotten is that under apartheid, black businessmen themselves we had to rely on ourselves. And the more it was not our own and spend money with them. While we forgot all about our businessmen. Black businessmen, and black banks. We did hear when the dollar was turned out in black communities."

Black South Africans are going to tell people. Why should this be different than the history of the world? It's not a one where people put hands on power over to somebody else. Never before in the history of the world has a government put hands on power to another. That's the only one that's not. They got me asking you guys. Rightness is a game we can't win. From the barrel of a gun. You don't think we should take arms against racism and Hitler? Apartheid is even a greater evil. You gonna give me help the motherfucker. Dicks to go on a game hand over power to South Africa, I saw those little kids chasing Cheba. One we see that. My game came out that. I'll be asking. When know? We might see the same time here some day."

He begins to laugh. Whatever happened to "Apocalypse?"

"I George Bush said Colin Powell right now to go to Washington Heights and shoot every Dominican in the head, he would, because the only way you get that kind of position is to take orders. They're open to a present at. Told they put some more orders into on television on the fourth of July. Let's get some more orders. They're open to a present at. They're open to a present at. They have no credibility. Kids in South Central Los Angeles don't get a fuck what Shelly Stone (Shelly Stone) has to say."

His girl would probably live to tell some without foundation. "Last week," he tells me, "Oprah Winfrey had her Climbout on the show. I guess she was like Climbout's clothes all the time. Climbout got on and told the lady's make clothes for black people. Oprah stopped the show and told her to get her ass off the set. How you gonna get on Oprah's show and say you don't make clothes for black women? It's definitely happened. You see, they're black women in America now to go to her class, that's that, and even say motherfucker of clothes from her Climbout."

According to Oprah Winfrey's staff, it did not happen. Climbout was never on the show. The last one Lee Climbout was on television was to play on the Double show. This rumor has been around for a long time. There is no truth in it, I tell him.

He powers in my face.

XXX

HE LUGS TO FRANKLIN. Five foot five of health pounds. Spaulding looks like he should be in the hospital. He says, "I want this year in college. He was seriously 'you know.' I was in the fifth grade. I got a little bit of play with women in my senior year, but a little." "Would he been less equally conscious, equally desecrated, hence, if he'd been still?" "Then I was an idiot, I still would have had the same disease. If I was an idiot, I would have been better."

He has plenty to do with it. What does he mean, he would have been better? He believes now to be more important than race. A member of the black community, his great-grandfather passed down Tuskegee Institute. Spike has been in Atlanta and he moved to Crown Heights (the tower and the place that has the most claim on his ancestry—there is always one neighborhood that is home to black

life, where all his friends were white and black. "Luckily that didn't affect me that much," he says, somewhat complacently, when I ask him how it felt to be singular.

did. "That's a lot more serious to heavy did. Why you want to talk about Sir Miles Lee and that stuff about him? I don't know. Maybe because I see Sir Miles Lee on MTV that morning, perhaps because hip-hop is descended in political and offered to preceptor."

It occurs to me as wonder if all the good looking black men I see in the recording studio would fighters see if I were to see them in a different context walking toward me on a dark street.

How much on it?

This is getting me down.

I remember wonder of the angry Spike does in his movies toward Islam, his emotional mistakes, his brother's his opinions, is not duplicated anger—anger that he feels toward Jews, whom he once knew largely as stereotypes—and his step-mother created the picture. Conversely, I wonder if the anger he expressed in his films that toward Jews is a function of his ambivalence toward Islam. In some ways, I wonder if these black Muslim feel too much in *Do the Right Thing*, he says, hence the dramatic, the burning down of the mosque.

"It's not about compromise," he says. It is.

"Black and white holding hands singing isn't gonna do it any more," he says. "It's a. Gotta get with the program. Who and anything about you?"

"Why do you think white hate and fear blacks?" I ask. It seems to me possible that the hatred understood the hatred better than the blacks—insulted by black rap—do.

"Why you ask some white people that?" he answers. "I'll tell you a story. I went to Chicago for some years at the people between the black and the white. The National Anthem is on. Two big fat white guys yell 'They spike, like you! But all! Everybody in the stadium is wearing a hat and they tell me to take off my hat. I go over to the guy, I say 'Look, man, why does you go over to Rodney King and tell him to take his hat off all day?' They say 'What does Rodney King have to do with that? You're not one of us. Come on, Spike, you're making good money if you don't like it go back.'"

His yawns. "You not angry all the time," he says. "They think I'm a nigger and I hate white people. They say I hate everything on race. They get it from the press."

"Awful. Yeah. But angry. Always annoys me when white people get so angry when they see angry black people. Blacks not mad and when people say 'What does Spike Lee go to be mad about, he came from the upper-middle class?' That's not true. The preceptor is that Spike Lee was a golden middle-class baby born with a gold spoon in his mouth."

One doesn't ask a black person not to be angry because he wants brought upon himself and find money. One does ask as white, though, to understand that negative anger comes from money and from merged sources—from different love for family and some money and race and class as well as from injustice.

He's had a money house—tall is a gateway—in gaudily Chino Bluff, an upper-middle-class black community on Malibu's Ventura. He teaches a course on black film at Harvard. A real estate investor and an entrepreneur, he played in millions of his 10 million salary back into Malibu. "I employ a lot of people, mostly black, young, intelligent, hungry, working African Americans. The money goes me continuously to deal with the world of blacks we're in."

At De De Allen, the highly regarded film editor who is now a

SPIKE "WENT to the highest Islamic court, the people that issued the death sentence to Rushdie. No way I want to be killed—Malcolm is a martyr. I'm in it to win."

career consultant to Spike's film, says, "His producers helped to open the door to the establishment. His anger. And every white person I know who succeeds in this business has to be too. He knows that money is power and to get a you have to be tough. I understand perfectly where he's coming from. This is a business that requires power."

He made sure that his quarrel with Warner about money "was played out in the world arena. I don't like that look on his face. I wanted the whole world to see what was happening." He wanted the world to see "the trials and tribulations of making *Malibu X* with one million mistakes and failures kicking you." He's had interference or strong opposition from the United Front to Preserve the Legacy of Malcolm X, the spokesman for which is Jerry Garcia, the

black musician just who doesn't like the film as the rival words of a hippie, the Treatment Union, and the writer. The film, which finally came on at 11 p.m., "was 10 million cost budget, and the best company that raised it—black company—did not want to do it. The 11 million. And Warner Brothers wouldn't budge either. I did not want to do it. I just picked up the phone and I called Cosby, Oprah, Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, Tracy Chapman, Janis Jackson, Prince, and I called for money—not for a loan, for a gift. And they are these checks. They know how important this film is to black people. What I want young people to get out of it is how much emphasis blacks put on education. I want their value system to be right. Cause right now, if you speak proper English and go to school, you're considered a white boy. It gets down, it gets cold, and it ain't black. On the other hand, for four hundred years blacks have been taught to hate themselves."

Spike Lee went to see *Fahrenheit* before they began to show, "to get the message of the Nation, because I didn't want any complexities over." *Fahrenheit* was "not really concerned about how we put around Malcolm, he was more concerned with the personality of Elijah Muhammad." He got his message and his presence.

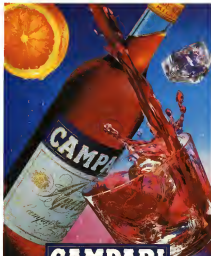
He went to see Malcolm's widow, Betty Shabazz, too, but "she'd been gone on the day I saw her. Betty doesn't like *Fahrenheit*, she thinks he was in league with the KKK from Elijah Muhammad's New York temple—and maybe the CIA and the FBI—who killed her husband." She agreed on. She is acting as a consultant.

He sent a second crew—convinced to film for the purpose—to Saudi Arabia to shoot footage for Malcolm's bag. He went to "the highest black mosque, the same people that issued the death sentence to Rushdie. They gave us the seal of approval. I'm just glad they let us shoot. Rushdie can take care of his own business. I know what I was going to do. No way I wanted to be killed—Malcolm is a martyr in the world of Islam. I'm in it to win." It is the first to say that Malcolm X "has to be the best thing I've done. I had no choice. I can't afford for it not to be great."

"It is great. There have and sharp sources of greatness. My audience is the world."

It wouldn't be surprised if he were right. It is a mystery, the relationship of the worker to the work, I like his work so much more than he allowed me to like him.

When father has this best? Whose viewpoint, whose vision, whose wounds and scars and corns and blemishes and innermost griefs showed up? He's right. He's wrong. His right. His wrong. He's in a cage and we can't get out it.



CAMPARI

THE APERITIF

In Europe, there is an argument about whether the most useful aperitif is the best known and best-loved aperitif in the world—CAMPARI—which began it all in Italy in 1840. Campari is a unique blend of herbs, spices and herbs—has a distinctive taste which perfectly balances bitter and sweet. It appeals to all the senses from its uniquely complex taste

to its beautiful ruby-red color. Campari cleanses and refreshes the palate, enhancing the flavors of food and wine that follow light and flavorful. Campari is the perfect choice to enhance any social or business occasion. Sip it with a splash of soda with orange slices or on the rocks with a slice of orange and celebrate "The Spirit of Italy."

Would
you kick
a life
like this
out of
bed?

A CLAUDIA SCHIFFER DOSSIER

SHE WAS IN CHARGE.

ONE YEAR AFTER WINNING BEAUTY PAGE, she has appeared on more than one hundred magazine covers.

SHE HAS RISE for modeling to \$18,000 TO \$25,000.

SHE BECAME FAMOUS in the Curve genre ads, wearing a black lace bra and looking like Brigitte Bardot.

SHE HAS her own calendar.

SHE SHARES a cottage with Rudolf that pays her a reported \$1 million for four years.

SHE CLAIMS to have had a perfect childhood.

BORN in Rheinfelden, Germany, on August 23, 1970, she is the eldest child of Heinz and Gudrun Schiffer. She has three siblings: Stefan, money, Axel-Carlson, 1978, and Andreas, 1980.

SHE WAS one of those psychic girls in school.

SHE WANTED to become a lawyer like her father or a tennis player like her mother.

SHE LOVES both God.

SHE SAYS she is not the type who goes out dancing all night.

AT 17, she was the star of a "Disco" show by Michel Lewkowicz of the Metropolitan modeling agency. She made her first magazine cover.

"It was the height of the disco and the love," says Alice Isler, co-owner of Metropolitan. "She had beautiful legs."

SHE WAS 17 when she was 17.

SHE IS five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

SHE WOULD reveal her chest to her mother and brother.

SHE LOVES chocolate and avoids suspension, porno chips, french fries, and dairy products.

SHE REMEMBERS food in German preserves with apples.

SHE LOVES hiking and makes cookies for photographers.

SHE FAVORITE beverage is cold, berry juice.

SHE WOULD drink alcohol.

SHE DOESN'T smoke.

SHE DOESN'T model lingerie, wear dark lipstick, or pose with whips.

SHE THINKS she is old-fashioned.

IT WASN'T until her right breast was in an oval under and especially began to show that she began to model. And for a period, she was the most popular model in the world.

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SOHO ON THE SEINE

When the downtown boom went bang, American artists—from Robert Rauschenberg to Peter Dinklage—packed up their portfolios and repaired to the lost-generation refuge of Paris. For them, the City of Light has become the City of Cool

BY MARCELLE CLEMENTS



Parks is having
for composer Ryo
Kikuchi (center)
and director
George Clooney (above)
the painting (The Last
Jewels) from 1941.
The city has seen
again become a hot
spot for artists.

THERE WASN'T ANY REASON to be faithful to America. America, after all, had never been very faithful to its artists. Even in New York, there was not all that much interest and then all of a sudden there was. And then there were the Eighties and in some places it was as if art mattered as much as anything, filled all the emptiness, was worth almost anything, had to be talked of, admired, coveted,

certainly collected—became, quite literally, the moment of the Eighties' moment. And then came the crash and the great aftermath of the Nineties. At this point, of course the very artists who had been adulated for capturing (and even, on bodies) all those painful contradictions were now scorned for having orbited in one dimension. Everybody's certainly forget that there had been a prism in the Eighties which almost anyone not clinging to an old or low perspective was destined to hit (and correct).

The famous started to talk. Being scarce only in their self-selecting immediate circle. Those appearing to be famous were no longer quite sure of their spiritual balance.

A lot of people turned with relief back to the World, but that was a pretty philosophy. One in this world, it was difficult to tell who was doing that and who was now mostly reading words, creatively. The artist, the good-looking dudes dressed in black whom one would glimpse at the bar of Odessa, the alienated sad alienated downtown musician, the women who'd mysteriously managed to photograph for their own conspiracy for years, the guys with feminist consciences who'd almost certainly somewhere got their government grants for their weird ideas for opens, all had a hope of the harder those days, now that the floor of support had been pulled out from under them. The loss of patronage was often more devastating than the loss of money, but who knew how to be poor with style anymore? Some of them had accumulated too much wealth to become poor, but the money they had saved came in a spindly of their back or neck—was now the emblem of their alleged corruption. These kids were made fun of. Their dreams of glory were now usually referred to as narcissistic, their exhibitions as emphysemas, their stated jobs as hypocritical.

Even among themselves the stupid politics, the petty arguments, the envious and the

Will, so now I'm talking to a cult with the Clinton guy. Goodfrod Tullman and I are here when he thinks French people think about America. It's a delicious and the day is dusty blue with a few Baroque almost wronging around. I'm wondering how his eggs in the Café de Paris, the old-fashioned an unusual call on the rue de Chancery the room where a lot of the new big galleries are in Paris last but neighbor, the street, around the facade.

Goodfrod Tullman is an inhabit of the facade room and probably at the park at the you get around here. It's a serious, this kind of new Agnès B. but he knows he looks really sharp in public is part of his paid artwork plan for himself in a gallery, and he's blood new-wave break out in growing now, giving him a slightly alienating, provoking, super. He's got a smile and a nervous face. I like his theory about why Americans come to Paris. "I think Americans who come here get arrested in America, they have to see a therapist, and here they get in for free. The selling you the European due to a country for Americans who like a big, fucking mental center."

Here comes Robert Longo walking down the street toward Le Palace. There's down he's wearing his hair down his back in a standard braid, a black trench coat, a black tank, and pants made of that soft black material tucked into those black rubber boots. Goodfrod Tullman and I both wave Longo, one of the most important artists in Paris—he's been here about a year and a half—told a show of his work divided among five different galleries last fall, and Tullman was one of them. Longo waves back, casually and looks himself in a subtle walk into French-looking people as someone blond woman who probably is somehow involved in the business of art and an intelligence looking, all purpose young people. They gave us hair with respect.

Tullman and I are sitting inside, so I can see a tape recorder. Longo and his two closest partners outside, shuffling papers around and looking uncomfortable. Through the glass door, I peer at Longo. "I feel like New York is running out the plague year and they're taking out doctors' bodies every day," he had said to the phone in our first conversation in New York. He had told me he'd developed a problem with inspiration.

At this state of day the cult is only half full. Several people who work in galleries are around—the galleries tend to be small and often have no businesses or facilities to make coffee—as are people visiting the increasingly trendy neighborhood, and a few of the working class anglophiles left over from when this neighborhood was belonged to the French.



Capitain poses, often looking under his beard and his enormous, thick-lensed, round, self-wind-blown hair (above: Robert Longo)

now artists and the leader's success. Outside, there's a lot of looking. It's a busy street corner and, by stretching to just a little, sometimes someone of Robert and his version.

It's curious, it's usually not that one French man I know says he looks of Paris and New York as two mirrors facing each other.

But most Frenchmen when they think of this neighborhood, remember that the story by rue de Cappe—now lined with clever boutiques and eating places—was, from the little paper in the Forts, the place where sailors and other had boys came to dance with black Russian and selling women. This kind of street was called but artistic, and it's around those small businesses work an accident. There were also these balls with women hanging from the ceiling that would eventually be transported to psychotheatre Street Avenue, in which flour of the first generation of American who thought France was just a big city.

Tullman is really. "I think the idea the French have about America is as superficial as the French are. They're in light people, you know, it's cool. The Germans are very heavy people in general. They are my kind of people, its possible of lead in the right leg and two pounds in the left leg. The Americans are kind of nondescript to me because they can be light and heavy or anything because they're just a mixed race."

I don't agree with Tullman about the French but I like some of the other applications of his reasoning (and very German) perspective. Looking at Robert Longo again recently at the punch of day, I do believe he's trying to go light. It's because this American artist is trying to escape. They get a new image of themselves here, just by

[illegible]

His long story being inevitable, The French memoir, but they're most appreciative of almost three contemporary popularizations that Americans can imagine. "Now it's inevitable," the editor said to me, "requesting what seems to be the average of those Francophiles who are most of the American powers. Rightly understood, but basically affectionate."

If, as I suspect, this latest wave of immigration to Paris is all about images and images, it would make perfect sense, of course, for Lange to be here. After all, he's an entrepreneur specialty is to juxtapose images so as to tell us some truth that can be expressed only in the surreal and the absurd.

At some point in the Eighties, American artists became so fascinated with images that after a time even the most skilled and perceptive image-makers, which included many of our most talented artists, had only other images to work with. Art became images of images, reflections of reflections, since largely comprising reproductions from other media.

There was a lot of controversy over the shift that took place in the art world in the Eighties away from originality and toward the reproduction of images. The idea was also

a reflection of something else. And by that, she's something else was itself a reflection. Constantly trying to beat the cup of the image (find of the mind) was a crazy act and eventually led to an exhausted attitude. Thinking about anything and in America came to mean a lot like trying to find some thing where you're surrounded by curves.

PATRICK FLETCHER is married to French pianist Polina Mena, and though he's only thirty on your side, he's been here long enough to forget about some of his childhoods and to lose some of the fascination of the French American expatriate. "The most interesting thing about it is he says 'is why does it interest so many people?' The words are so prominent, though that is perhaps because they literally overpowered. We were a couple of levels underground, in a cave that had been tapped into a gallery and when French or non-French saw a show of his work.

same means, because the interior of mine, if everything has been painted white. And the accents were, to my taste, interesting. The setting was impressive, and it was Fletcher—another one of those lovely, attractive American boys, wearing black gloves just like they all do, with a gray sweater. Their height and the kind of good looks that come from expensive nutrition and health care are a lot of what gives Americans their authority in the world, I think. Through the *theory* I'd see as somewhat aligned to Coltrane that Fletcher grew up in India, he explained that "everything was American, the food, the clothes, even the musicians."

Plenty who had been living in Paris for eleven years and was on a way the less American of the Americans would, though, provide us with some insight. He decried the less expert output rule. He used some old narrative who had gone to New York during the war; had pointed out that if you stop inside the U.S. for too long, you're in America, and you can never get out of it. And if you come to France and you're more than a little, you're more than a little.

French and you will always be on the outside. There is a French attitude I like, but they say they can recognize Americans because you can see these teeth all the time that they are always smiling. If you go to someone's house in the U.S., everyone smiles immediately and is very agreeable but if you turn and to be a creep they won't like you. But in France they perpetuate it.

you are a creep or an idiot, and they won't be very nice to you even though they saved you. You have to prove yourself, and think that that is not a bad attitude."

"That you became interested in things that have to do with perception and self-perception. Because you are more or less self-conscious here than in New York?"

"Use feels more American here. You are different, so your own vision of yourself is exaggerated."

GERARD CORROD, on the other hand, does not seem all that interested in the question of refraction or reflection, though he does cheerfully teach his French students from the second I walk in. The coach speaks as he he refers to the French drive for precision, as if there were an imaginary movement of French people in judge's deportment at all times.

Two been looking forward to meeting the notoriously grumpy and sensitive Corrodo, the most paucity of the arena where more were at a group because of their own more subtle variety.

He lives in a massive bourgeois residence on the seventh of all floors: the excellent circumstances of the Left Bank, not far from the Eiffel Tower. A housekeeper shows me into a vast living room, magnificent for the middle of the last: huge carvings on the walls, and, floating in the fire and on green velvet sofas, one elegant armchair and one very round table. The floor is carpeted and splashed with paint. Clearly, this room, which was designed to maintain a hundred people in the best bourgeoisie style, has been turned into a studio. The shutters are closed, as the room is dark though it is midday.

Coscia finally smiles in, wearing a red chambray smock. His long hair is parted in the middle, sometimes giving him the aspect of a dandy or a character in a *Hopswagon* novel, or some wonderful far-fetched child. He has an exquisite grey shirt draped to his sweater over an inconspicuous blue collared shirt, velvet slippers, one luxuriously red and one more subtle.

The housekeeper brings a tray I have coffee. Combs sips a very strong liqueur he has brought back from his travels—of medicinal purposes, he tells me. He's got horrendous cold. He snuffles a list I sit at the velvet couch, he sits in the armchair, as I try not to be too depressed by the smoke.

He tells me he came to live here by accident, seven and a half years ago. He'd been moved to Cologne and, on the way, he stopped in a hotel in Frankfurt. The hotel was being renovated, but it was all very pleasant.

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When I ask about this, he is content napping. I say about the best things in life that Canada does not discuss theory. I see some robbars guns robbers and some through not see drivers, those elaborate inside

In general, the parents have more work on him, the

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After a second passed to have the time he was working on, he decided to say "It's all plain." "It has nothing to do with Farm but when I was consumed dry and barren it says it's much a matter to know why, once you get to get out of it." Condo, taken a step of his input, gesture as the pain began.

But he says that the most important thing is to be able to see the world as it is, not as we want it to be. "I think the most important thing is to be able to see the world as it is, not as we want it to be," he says. "I think the most important thing is to be able to see the world as it is, not as we want it to be."

French quality that means reliability. When I've lost Wonder told me he

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each humor in Cordova and the subject with any new worldly humor, leaving one thought to the next. The comic has concepts full of engineering principles of survival. He comes across "normal" as only funny come to one month, can demand of how things view can be, like need it to be.

BUT IT WASN'T about "New York, New York." It was about New York, even though it had just been renamed the World's Most Wonderful City. It was about the fact that the world's most wonderful city was a place where the world's most wonderful people lived, and where the world's most wonderful things happened. It was about the fact that the world's most wonderful city was a place where the world's most wonderful people lived, and where the world's most wonderful things happened.

There are more frigidities and a failure. And he does have advantages in place to come and work in apartments that was New York, that didn't have. Finally, he admitted, he does enough the bad doesn't like to admit it he

is sorry, in a way, that he is in New York. "I was born at that time," he says. "I saved my life in some way but frankly missed it. I was sort of lost, broke

Graciously, she says, "There is nothing showing, better of mourning," is conducted in Paris company about the circumstances of which is a question. While, like most French countries, "Academy" in France "Academy" knows they should then try to have points out their newspaper "The that in America are: *Review* of the

to the hell in George Bush's
the Jimmy Carter or some-
nobody knows anything
even so he quite a year."
it is dark and the sky is
of George Cando and the sky
it, and I make, this is the

Personal responsibility is a concept that is often used to describe the idea that individuals are responsible for their own actions and the consequences of those actions. This concept is often used in the context of law, ethics, and social norms. In the context of law, personal responsibility is often used to describe the idea that individuals are responsible for their own actions and the consequences of those actions. In the context of ethics, personal responsibility is often used to describe the idea that individuals are responsible for their own actions and the consequences of those actions. In the context of social norms, personal responsibility is often used to describe the idea that individuals are responsible for their own actions and the consequences of those actions.

er is much simpler than what most people talking to I Liked Edmund White," he said. "Sex and tears." But for years now, White has used cultural terminology to describe his relationship with Danz Johnson, a black man in the film, now

besides, a gritty neighborhood is a densely populated area and therefore, White's biography of Jean Genet, and that woman's book on a lost one million that he is to say, Thérèse a dream of the French and the American AIDS White sells as much as extremely much AIDS, and that this is a certain amount of denial, but, has somehow produced "it's very dangerous of health and therefore to let sex go out of life should be for many people on the lot of the Americans here for the sex. I think it's safe, the quiet, the beauty, and the sex books."

er's more willing about mating, phoning, looking, flirting, sex position, sedition that a human or demon's have some trace of" he remarks. "In America squared with promiscuity with casual sex and death" people who have lived in areas that there's more sex people really freely accepted those here either to suppress this." What is the personal side in the words are used as phantoms could not people understand our lives women."

"But also women's costumes very unconservative in New York now."

what all these men are for," suggests Kierkegaard, "is a woman."

measured in the usual way, probably twice those of rock 'n' roll music. It's a real benefit to the way how librated they are. Though these music of lowering beiber around, their power are not as plain

What's funny about Kate de Castilleja's remarks is that she's a stunning blonde, wearing a gorgeous hot-pink jacket. We're sitting in a huge and beautiful room in a particularly elegant neighborhood in the luxurious, aristocratic surroundings. She's working on a book now too, the first since in Paris, eight out of Bernard Collège, in a model and married the French designer Jean-Charles de Castelbajac. Kate de Castilleja has been living here for fifteen years, and many others see her facade as the known face of a woman. "It's another interesting aspect of living in France," she says. "Maybe that male actors, they're very happy to meet her and find a wife who is understanding, very smart, very feminine, a little wild, you know, and live a little life."

BUT FRENCH WOMEN AREN'T PARTICULARLY FAMOUS," says Jeffrey T. Jones. "With us, the house of St. Germain defines a certain aspect of the City of Paris, a famous and traditional hangout for artists. She is an ethnologist from Washington who has lived in Paris for twenty-five years and is married to the painter Claude Pomme. "They're as credible as I am."

RHS CHATELAIN'S housewifery program is in Amberlaine on the outskirts of Paris, a rough, bohemian place. Chatlain there fully acknowledges her status as a housewife. We sit in a tiny studio filled mostly with the computer equipment he uses to compose. In the other room, Chatlain's wife—the French choreographer Isabelle Marano, who is extremely pretty—and his mother-in-law are trying to persuade some construction workers to sit through their way.

In person, Chatlain is a mix of what he calls an "austere" way, cerebral and classical combination of male "W" and so-called classical elements to see as force, as his reputation as one of the premier experimental filmmakers would have it. On the contrary, he's a big guy with unashamedly layered hair and a ready smile. He only looks a little scary sometimes because he has a trick of making his eyes wider when he's listening intently.

He's been in France for five years, lived in New York all his life, and it was there that he met Marano. It didn't make sense for her to stay in New York, where she'd done some in independent and struggling for an audience, while in France, and as France's pretentious is exploding with ideas and new composers. Chatlain just had to New York a few years ago to give concerts—"I have

to, to maintain my status as an American composer"—and he keeps an apartment there for that purpose. But he's now getting substantial grants from the French government and is living through French in work here, more and more American. He says he's coming to Paris on a temporary basis in coming.

I want to make it clear," he says, "I really love New York. It's just that I've lived there too long and I'm bored out of it."

Chatlain and I run over when by now has become familiar territory to me: the details of New York, its disintegrating culture, its music, and the state of its music. Chatlain, though, places more emphasis on the real music aspect. The downtown is at some, as he sees it, depended on cheap rent. Without that, performers of every kind couldn't get cheap-enough rehearsal space, let alone living space. Once the scene could no longer be financed, New York was no longer indispensable for making music or writing music. Poor artists moved to Long Island City or to New Jersey. World-class artists pulled their tails and hauled a plane ticket to Paris, Geneva, or Madrid.

Chatlain and I have been talking for a while about the music of the Eighties, in particular the crossover phenomenon. Listening to Chatlain's description of the fragmentation in the new music world, I am reminded that not so long ago the idea of pluralism seemed new. It's also a reminder of the music of the Eighties, in particular the crossover phenomenon. Listening to Chatlain's description of the fragmentation in the new music world, I am reminded that not so long ago the idea of pluralism seemed new. It's also a reminder of the music of the Eighties, in particular the crossover phenomenon. Listening to Chatlain's description of the fragmentation in the new music world, I am reminded that not so long ago the idea of pluralism seemed new. It's also a reminder of the music of the Eighties, in particular the crossover phenomenon.

I think we might see a number of scenes emerging," he says. His eyes have widened. I stare back. They return to normal use. He pounds his hands. "But we're not going to make the mistakes we made in the Sixties, when we kept ourselves completely separate. You know, I don't want to sound negative about music in New York now, because I really don't feel that way. I'm very hopeful, precisely because of this reinvention."

ONE MORE in the heart of Paris, the rest of my departure, the night is heartbreakingly beautiful and the sky is darkening and softening and reminds you of holding up a bottle of Watrous blue ink, as a child, and looking at the ink through the glass. In Paris, you're after

slapped in the face by beauty, reminded of all the artists who have come here to work for reasons. Everywhere in this city, there is evidence of their work. It's funny that the Americans tend to laugh at this, as if embarrassed by art made here. You have to come here to realize how wonderful. Fully aware Americans are. Really worth the trip.

But it's ridiculous to compare the atmosphere of Paris to music there to Disneyland, a happy fairy world. Its aesthetic may be as foreign to a Manhattan as Walt Disney's, but Paris is not a Disney. It's not beautiful and real.

And what of New York? To many of us, everything there is somewhat less risk, except our discomfort, as we sink into a deeper and deeper music. But there's a reason why many of these artists keep coming to both places and why so many others have stayed. It may be true that New York may die or become a rival city to the music. But the music may also turn out to have a fascinating architecture, through we cannot discuss it yet. It may even end up picking a new and better kind of energy.

What about? We don't. Wherever in Paris people have a great deal to say about where they live and why, in New York we are becoming more and more complacent about our direction. We reach only now and then glimpses of its meaning, finding ideas that are in emotional or reflected images, shadows of shadows.

A few months later, back in New York, I go to a party at the Whitney Museum to celebrate the publication of the William S. Burroughs book *God of Chaos*, illustrated by George Condo, which the Whitney is selling for about \$200 a pop.

There are a lot of mutual acquaintances in the somewhat lifeless room, everything seems somewhat surreal except, maybe the concept. The extraordinarily shy George Condo knows for a moment that one cluster of guests does flow to another. A cheerful water glass by carrying a towel, you on which everyone is wrapped with their best have been systematically dumped. The aquapack is not bleached just so. The most best is not and perfect.

Condo stands in an exquisite dark suit, wearing matching socks and expensive shoes looks wonderfully ill at ease. "It was worth coming, George, just to see you in this wonderful suit," I say, to draw him up. "How're you doing?"

"I'm just waiting for it to be over," he tells me in a frankly desperate tone. "I'm not over here."

How to pack for the weekend.



Deviates in Love

In a world where normal, God-fearing orgazms get together to make amateur pornography, can Walter find true happiness?

BY
MIKE RABIN

FINALLY THERE'S A KNOCK in the door, and Walter drains his glass, sets it on the night table. A candle flickers in the dark, lurid shadows dance across two double beds in room 416 of the Sunset Lodge. Walter breathes into his hand and sniffs. Well, he thinks, *here goes anything*.

He drops his palms to his thighs and stands, grunting a bit, that noise a man makes when the files of personal history have begun to pile up around him, action resigned but not quite resolved. He looks down at Debbie. "You're sure now, right?"

Debbie watches the candle, a vaguely musky number from the knick-knack store in the mall. Tiny creases score her lips, the corners of her mouth, yet she has about her a gleam of trust and wonderment. She likes her drinks, usually fruit juice and vodka, with a straw. When she's done, she'll root around in the ice, search out the last little sip, make a loud sucking noise until someone gets irritated. Then she'll giggle, take one last sip.



At last! After the long, hot quest of love, in the end, it's all about the spoon.

DARKER, BRILLIANTER AND MORE ACCESSIBLE FOR THE OPENLY GAY GENTS, THEY TAKE A BACKSEAT TO WHITE. Left to right: Jason Gedrick in a double-breasted suit and sunglasses; Tom Selleck in a single-breasted suit and sunglasses; and Don Cheadle in a double-breasted suit and sunglasses. Top: Tom Selleck in a single-breasted suit and sunglasses; Don Cheadle in a double-breasted suit and sunglasses; and Jason Gedrick in a single-breasted suit and sunglasses. Bottom: Tom Selleck in a single-breasted suit and sunglasses; Don Cheadle in a double-breasted suit and sunglasses; and Jason Gedrick in a single-breasted suit and sunglasses.

THREE MEN AND A LADY

THE STARS OF *Crossing the Bridge* SHOW OFF THE COOL EASE OF FALL SUITS. STREAMLINED, THEY'RE BUILT FOR COMFORT AND SPEED

[illegible]



Ornament page Stephen is a single-breasted waistcoat suit by Lickert, waist coat by Dennis 1870, silk tie by Alexander Johns, frock as a double-breasted waistcoat suit by Via Arding by Cavallaro, waist coat by Studio 555 by Fendi, silk tie by Burberry, jeans as a double-breasted waist suit by Pineda by Louis Feraud, waist coat by Miró de Maza, silk tie by Tino Geronzi. Photographed at Café La Bohème.



The page Cheryl was on was then by
Chond. Leather pants by Agnès E.
panty by Susan G. Wilson.

HOME IMPROVEMENT.

JUST ADD BACARDI

Bacardi con Coca-Cola. La formula per una serata indimenticabile. Bacardi e Coca-Cola. La formula per una serata indimenticabile. Bacardi e Coca-Cola. La formula per una serata indimenticabile.

Research and State in Public Policy (2004) <http://www.oxfordjournals.org/doi/10.1093/oxfordjournals/isp.a001090>

OCTOBER 1992 EDITION

Cutting Losses

come and then turned to College Street. His horses were shamed by the sight of doors of the pig sties, loosely glancing over their muzzles as they trotted out of the

He parked his car on old blue Mercury with numerous oil fins and rusted bumpers, in front of his father's office, a handsomely remodelled farmhouse on West Deadrock, and went in. He presented himself dutifully to the secretary, the very Eileen who now worked for him, who waved him on with a gesture that suggested she knew all about people like Frank and his friends. And perhaps she did, he thought. In any incident mature when you're frozen in position, an old woman's trick.

"Come on, Frank," said his father evenly.
"Hi, Dad."

The father stayed at his desk while Frank sank subduedly into an upholstered chair placed in front of the desk, a chair so ill sprung that Frank, at his rest, was barely able to lean over the front of his father's desk. The view of her father's head and neck rising from the horizontal line to form was reminiscent of a poorly lit documentary shot of a sea serpent, and added to the scene begun by Frank's observed condition.

Mr. Copenhagen made a couple with his fingers. The high collar and the silver and gold hair coated straight across his forehead, and the blue suit gave him an ecclesiastical look, and Frank felt a fleeting hope that this was no accident and Christian Copenhagen lay out around the corner.

"Frank, please, interested in so many things." His father placed down. Frank could see he had the desk drawer slightly opened so that he could see some notes he had made for the conversation.

"You like to hunt and fish."

[illegible]

Mr. Coppenhaver tipped back in his chair and began to talk about growing up on the old home place, the long walk to school, the cold, some journalistic research about rural deindustrialization and rural life. Frank tried to stare out the window but his eyes were too weak to get past the glass. He was content mouthed with education and prepared to endorse any negative view of his father. At the same time, he'd find enough. He got to his feet on his broken legs and moved his hand onto toward, to his father.

"Til see you" Frank said but it wasn't so. He went out the door and never saw his father again. Mike saw him disappear, even driving down from the school of demerol. They had a nice, even relationship.

man like his father. That, much to my approval from someone who had de-

that Frank covered. Mike never made an attempt to be a businessman, would he Frank's job seeking bearded him would.

ERAISE UP IN THE BROADCASTER in the tale of marketing the *Wall Street Journal* and ignoring a bunch of hedge-brokers being beaten under the auctioneer's gavel in his landing the *Story* account, the *Burner* advertising firm announced it wanted to "communicate not only our products, but the lifestyles and emotions that are associated with a certain type of person. Not just the business arena, but friends, what personal and working interests. Business clients, its personality and excellence represented to business leaders (and the thirty-five million dollar deal, then changing the slogan "It's Not Just the *Story*" from *Franklin* *Frank* looked up. They were bidding on a group of men, the raised his fist at seventy-nine dollars a hundredweight and went back out at eighty-nine. Then immediately his thought, I should have been in a hurry, I should have bought insurance, for the deal that in the world they did at eighty-nine.

There was plenty to be interested in but living alone, Frank had found it hard to be interested in anything. He had set so many things in motion in his business that he could tug into that as he wished. He had several income properties scattered around the town, including the very remunerative clinic. He dabbled in youthful wife and even owned a set of royalty lined show pigs, though he never found time to see to them.

[illegible]

WAS A TERRIBLE AFTERNOON. It began in Harlow as the lunch with John Cheney, who managed the JA ranch. The JA was a monster cattle ranch that once belonged to the Midwood family. Mrs. Midwood, the widow of the last rancher in the family, left it to the Suburban Army and John Cheney managed it for them. Frank and Cheney ate the Gumbo Road, waiting for him to shoot me on to Granada and seeing me at the museum down the street. Cheney arrived in a truck filled with fencing materials and his tools, and parked right in front of the hotel. There were animals and ordered hands.

"How long has it been since you had your legs on us, Frank?"
 "Long time ago. Thirty-one, anyway. Are you going to have any room for me this year?"
 "I don't even know yet. How many head?"

"I don't think I'll be able to spend them. The short a train that was sent, it could find you a fellow, if you want to pay him."

"I might," said Bob. Their lunch arrived and he smiled up at the

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Cutting Losses

"Is this your journal?"
"Yep."

keep in such shape, and the floor is covered with great cushions in all directions. Frank looks at each barman keenly in succession. He got happy and happy until he wondered how if his energy was contained by some means to have lasted a career that day. He felt very good as he did not consider going, about it. Then he thought about that. They were through, lying there, and he must have been looking off and the candle is, sensitive from him. The room was silent. The hand across him and picked up the glass and drank. After a moment, she picks the jar and, "Oh! That the other person again. Then she said, 'happy, I couldn't make it' and lying up. It was out of the question to ask who was on the other end, something in the flat way she spoke made Frank know that she was supposed to have been looking like other person and not over here at the lake looking then."

It was late and the only thing they could get was the weather then off. The was quiet and it was fun to talk to her about the possibilities of weather. There was a sudden-out high when they were and you could see it on the national weather map. That knew when it was going when it began to move, it was going to the District. She would called beside the television set and pointed to where it was going. These thoughts was over but a looked like others had just begun. The came back to bed. You could see where the last spread was from fullback City. Arizona, where it is kind of Pacific wall and ended, rising slowly up the corner of California. The bed bar mouth on his arm, and the rest of the week-end with his pointer didn't make any sense.

When they finished, Frank turned the weather off and got back into bed. It was late. They talked awhile about property. Frank said housing starts were way up in his part of the state. "The contractors who hang on during the flights are really looking. Somebody's working. We're all trying to see those new businesses but our unemployment rates are low and our workforces are full, we know we're ahead of all these things. I've got a little building I want to be a kind of electric slash business to live decent."

"Oh, that's great!"
"Yeah."
"You put them in the Valley Hospital. It's okay. I don't pack anything home with me. I'm still in my happy mode, doesn't that?"
"What you a happy?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Huh, so you it."
"I mean, I was pretty nervous compared to some of them but I consider myself an old happy. What do you think I'm doing here?"
"People were doing this before the happy."
"Most with the same guys" and Elise. "I was travelling around Europe, and in Italy they called us in America of Europe because they thought all the happy came from Liverpool. Kind of a language from the foreigners."

"I guess Indians got the news a little late."
"They just got a news about it." "She seemed to drift off and then spoke again. "What's the policy on your candlestick?"

"You can use it."
"Mm." He could feel her body off, her back to him. He put his arms around her and thought about considering the weather with someone else. Randomly however in Indiana. Like effect. Then he thought, "I'm lying."

HIS MIND WAS ON THE CASE. He was alone. That was probably why he was up. The bedroom light was on. His candle was a bright from the light of doorway with the corner of a newspaper over it. He heard a deep, solid fast. He thought of a map-making scene was more about the Civil War and the reason he relaxed so you could hear the effect of strategy. She seemed something.
"Are you awake?"
"Just."

"What you will it?"
"No, I haven't."
"It says, 'Narrowly you're out of the house.'"
"I see."
"It's a joke. I know you were awake when I made that little noise."

"It's afraid I see."
"The light was supposed to be a golden one for the go to sleep. Beyond that, it's a warning, over-tempting, pollution, loss, and indeed ten candles standing up to 20 percent of explosion. You seemed to guarantee that you would become the dominant force here. What do you think?"

"I don't have a strong feeling about this one way or the other."
"You say there like a second little mouse because I can see busy fun in the privacy of a local industry."
"I wasn't being sensitive. I was asleep."
"That came back to bed in a flood of warmth immediately and died." "You married?"

"Separated."
"When were you married?"
"Long time. How about you?"
"My nice husband, two nice kids here."
"Was it a bit all about?"
"I belong to a dock of the moon club."
"Seriously?"

"Where should I know? You pulled out to the middle of a marsh, on Montana lake to be alone and a decent looking guy pulled out and told you so. There's nobody out there. It's a determination it's not. First you're out, Elise. So then you out. You seemed to well come the line of that and to atmosphere of fantasy. You seemed to select the changing heart of Elise."

"That is an unusual thing for you?"
"Not particularly."
"Was that your husband on the phone?"
"No."
"What about the current?"

"That was pretty much true. I confess that it's also part of an uncomfortable excuse. But don't you think that more personal line down is built on other people's misfortune?"

"Good grief!"
"I never look in a set of X-rays without being reminded how short life is. Last February, for like living in a city under siege. And here's another weird thought. I'd have to ever have an X-ray sometime. I've had no work."

What an adorable woman, Frank thought, a little crash burning, as full of life and now asleep with an untroubled conscience. Her peace was ending and he was now asleep.

In the morning, they got coffee in mysterious cups from a gas station convenience store. The sky was clear except for a huge white cloudburst in the west that caught a pink orange reflection from the morning sun. Elise slid over her yellow Jeep. Glenlivet Traffic headed toward Harvard around past behind her. She nodded, as if it was you or say or up or left, and pulled into traffic. He finished her coffee and went back to the road to check out.

He felt a guilty pride to see the dashboard and disappointed bed. "Good job, Frank," he said aloud and climbed into the shower. In the morning, he saw water drive into his reinforced floor. "That he showed." Frank lived in shame. It was necessary to get the little gloves in his upper lip and to make the cushions come out over the bed to avoid the dust of his neck to show it smoothly as it no longer stayed out as its own. What difference does it make if my life is long, he thought strongly if they're going to put out like that anyway? That simple loss of history has remained me. I'm like the happy luck that spent the century.

"These hair-trigger pistols once saved the owner of The Glenlivet from a band of cutthroats."

—Sandy Blaine, author of *Remnant Sage*



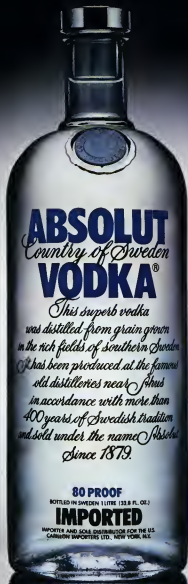
Sandy Blaine holding forth on the pistols



What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a chicken-fried steak. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of steaks from different steakhouses.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.



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